THE BYSTANDER
Vol. LXXIV.—No. 966

JUNE 7, 1922

Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.

PERSONALITIES ON THE POLO FIELD

Spinet

The SUPER CIGARETTE

Finest Golden Virginia. Ovals, Cork-Tipped

20 for 1/6

Also 50's & 100's.

The Pipe Tobacco de Luxe

Spinet The SUPER Mixture

2/2 per 2oz. In enamelled pocket tins.

By Appointment to

H.M. KING GEORGE V.

BOLLINGER'S CHAMPAGNE

1914 Vintage

Shoolbreds

TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON, W.1.

FURNITURE, CARPETS, and CURTAINS,

AT PRICES TO MEET ALL REQUIREMENTS.

Estimates and Lists Free. *Inspection Invited.*

DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA.

Hundreds of Letters from Doctors

testify to the good effects that follow the use of DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA in cases of Gout, Rheumatic Gout, Gravel, Acidity of the Stomach, Heartburn, Indigestion, Sour Eructations, Bilious Affections.

Such letters are constantly being received by the proprietors of

DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA **ABSOLUTELY SAFE.**

Recommended by doctors for over 100 years as the safest and most effective aperient for regular use.

Solid or Powdered Magnesia should on no account be used, as it is liable to form hard, insoluble lumps in the bowels. There is no such danger with Dinneford's Magnesia.

SAFEGUARD YOUR HEALTH

by insisting on Dinneford's Magnesia.

Look for the name "DINNEFORD'S" on bottle and label.

Price 1/3 and 2/6 per bottle.

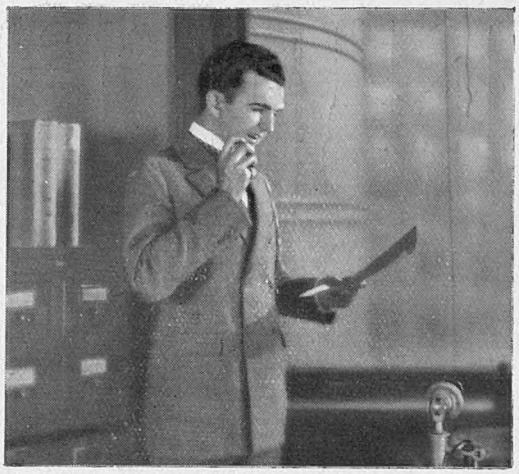
MADE BY HAND.

555 *Virginia.*

STATE EXPRESS CIGARETTES

444 *Turkish.*

Absolutely pure, and unique in quality.



Ready for Opportunity

For days the director's choice hung in the balance between two able men. This one was called to bigger things because he had placed the true commercial estimate on health.

It pays to take care of the teeth. Thousands have their efficiency lowered and their resistance to disease cut down by their failure to heed the warning of Pyorrhea.

Are your gums tender? Do they bleed easily? Those are the signs of Pyorrhea. If neglected the germs attack the teeth, which loosen, drop out or must be pulled. Pockets form and the whole system may pay the penalty of neglect.

If you would prevent Pyorrhea, see your dentist often and start using Forhan's For the Gums to-day.

Used consistently and in time, Forhan's will prevent Pyorrhea or check its progress and keep the teeth white and clean, and the gums pink, firm and healthy.

One size only, 2/6 a Double-sized Tube, at all Chemists.

Or get it post free from THOS. CHRISTY & CO., 4-12, Old Swan Lane, London, E.C.4.

Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

Dainty and Exclusive Silk Underwear

HOSIERY DEPT. GROUND FLOOR.

The Ideal Princess Petticoat for present day requirements in pure Milanese silk, specially good quality. In Pink, Mauve, Beige, Lemon, Nigger, Navy, Grey, Jade, White or Black.

PRICE

29/6

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO. LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.1.

INEXPENSIVE AND ATTRACTIVE

KNITTED SPORTS COATS

WE recommend the Sports Coat illustrated here — with the utmost confidence both for its excellent finish, durability and value.

Catalogue Post Free.

Brushed **WOOL COAT** as sketch made from good quality yarn in a new rib design — very soft and fleecy in texture. A practical coat for sports wear. In a large range of shades.

PRICE

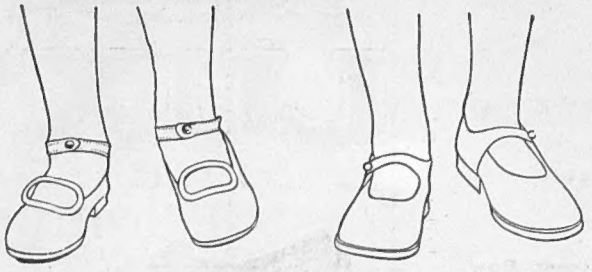
32/6

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE

VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET

LONDON W.1

Sent on approval.



The WEAK point

in Ordinary shoes is the ***STRONG feature in "START-RITE" FOOTWEAR***

"START-RITE" boots and shoes give constant support to the all-important arch of the young foot and prevent weakness.

Millions of adults are to-day suffering from painful weaknesses which prohibit all pleasures in walking—a weakness which can never develop if "START-RITE" shoes are worn in childhood.

For in every "START-RITE" shoe is built a perfect support for the arch of the foot, invisible but highly effective. In addition, the heel is built to accentuate the support, making it impossible for the wearer to tread over on the side of "START-RITE" footwear.

START-RITE

Patented

Boots and Shoes for Children.

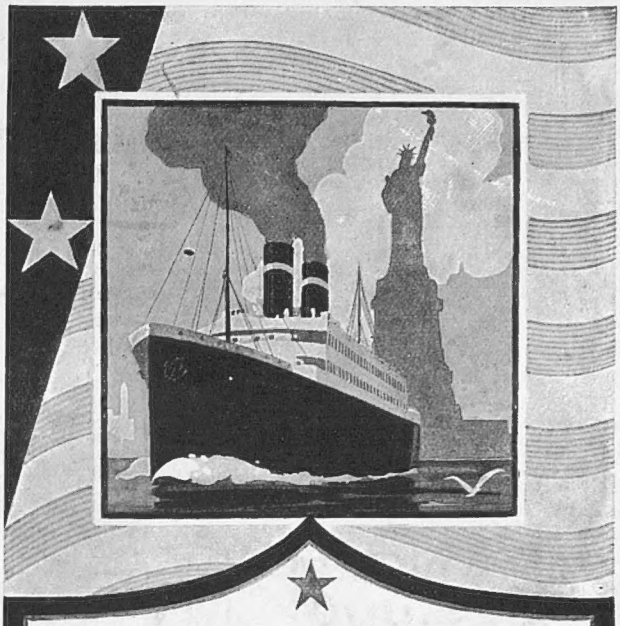
This diagram shows the extension on the inside of the heel that prevents ankles bending inwards.

This diagram shows the invisible extension of the ordinary leather stiffener you can feel in any shoe. This extension prevents the instep dropping.

If your Shoemaker does not yet stock Start-Rite Boots and Shoes, send a card and we will tell you the name of our nearest agents.

JAMES SOUTHALL & COMPANY, LTD., NORWICH.

Famous for Fine Footwear since 1792.



WORLD TRAVEL SERVICE

To United States, South America, and the Orient.

The United States Lines vessels are now operating on four great ocean travel routes —from Southampton, London, Queenstown, Cherbourg, Danzig and Bremen to New York.

From New York to Rio de Janeiro, Montevideo and Buenos Aires in South America. And from San Francisco and Seattle, over three routes to the Orient (Yokohama, Kobe, Hong Kong, Honolulu, Shanghai and Manila).

Go to America on the s.s. George Washington, the s.s. America or one of the other new American-built ships of the United States Lines fleet, where many new shipboard comforts are provided. Clean, well-ventilated rooms, singly or *en suite*, wide promenades and wind-screened decks, and an unexcelled cuisine, all make the trip to America delightful.

If you wish to continue to the Orient, or to South America, you will find luxury on the fast, new oil-burning ships of the Munson Lines, the Pacific Mail S.S. Co., or the Admiral Lines. These ships have the good taste, refinement and service of the finest hotels. Every comfort and service found on any ship.

Complete information about the World Travel routes of the U.S. Government-owned ships may be secured promptly from the address below. Also ask for 64 page book, "Guide to the U.S.A.," with 75 illustrations, describing American schools, libraries, public buildings, scenery, sports, farms, industries, population and government, valuable whether you go to America now or later. All information mailed free on request.

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UNITED STATES LINES

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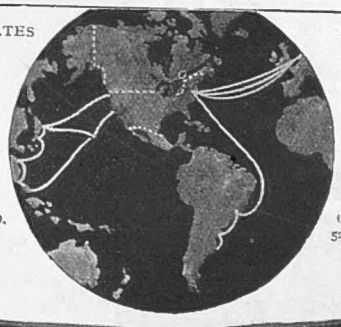
MUNSON LINES

PACIFIC MAIL S.S. CO.



LONDON. 3, Cockspur St. W.1.

PARIS. 11 bis, Rue Scribe.

FREIGHT. Runciman (London) Ltd. 52, Leadenhall St., E.C.

LUX

Washes Tennis Balls White

LUX is the ideal preparation for washing woollen sweaters and jumpers. It keeps the texture of loosely woven fabrics from matting together and shrinking in the wash.

YOU don't hesitate to trust your tennis frocks and flannels to the rich Lux lather; you can wash your tennis balls in Lux with the same confidence. The lather cleanses the felt covering without injuring the rubber. Tennis balls washed in Lux are as white and firm as new; there's no risk. Just make a lather of Lux, rub it quickly over the ball, rinse and dry.

Packets (two sizes) may be obtained everywhere.

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT.

Lx 238—31

Excelsior
PROMENADE TURN SHOE
Model 2958.
In Patent, Nigger, or Grey Gazelle.

TWO new "Excelsior" models, perfectly produced and exceptionally good fitting.

Excelsior Shoes *for Ladies*

"A Shoe of Beauty and a Joy to Wear."

maintain their reputation for really snug fitting and the absence of "gape" so noticeable in cheaply made shoes. Soles of mellow, old-fashioned process bark tannage giving that intimate feeling existing between Excelsior Shoes and their wearers.

Excelsior
BAR SHOE.
Model 2758.
Almost entirely hand-made and moulded to a special last. Fitted with Gold Buckle. Made in various colours, including the fashionable "Beaver" and "Beige"

If you experience any difficulty in obtaining "Excelsior" Shoes, please write for name of nearest agent to the sole makers, G. F. HUTCHINGS & CO., LTD., Excelsior Works, BRISTOL.

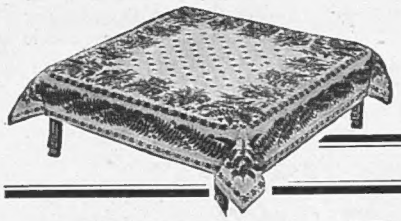
Fashionable Inexpensive Millinery.

"EVA" Price **23/9**

Attractive Hat of Lace Straw, trimmed with ribbon band and bow, brim with underlining of Yedda Straw. Colours—Gold, Mastic Saxe, Amethyst, Royal, Putty, Grey, Mole, Tan, Nigger, Lemon, Black, White, and White with Black underlining.

Jenner's pay carriage.

JENNER'S
PRINCES·STREET
EDINBURGH



LINEN from IRELAND

Robinson and Cleaver's Linen, woven on their own looms in Co. Down, is regarded the world over as perfection in the art of weaving beautiful linen. As actual makers they offer their linen products at direct prices, thus eliminating the middleman's profits. Write for illustrated Household Linen List No. 44T and samples.

No. B. 106. **Superfine Qualities in Hemstitched Linen Sheets.**

Size 2 x 3 yards .. Per pair	**60/9**	**69/9**	**78/-**
,, 2 x 3½ ,, .. ,, ,,	**70/6**	**80/6**	**90/3**
,, 2½ x 3 ,, .. ,, ,,	**76/9**	**86/-**	**101/3**
,, 2½ x 3½ ,, .. ,, ,,	**88/9**	**99/6**	**117/-**

No. B. 106. **Hemstitched Linen Pillow Cases to Match.**

Size 20 x 30 inches .. .. Each	**7/-**	**7/11**	**9/6**
,, 22 x 32 ,, ... ,,	**8/11**	**9/6**	**11/6**
,, 27 x 27 ,, ... ,,	**9/3**	**10 3**	**11/9**

No. B. 106. **Grass Bleached Hemstitched Union Huckaback Towels with Damask Borders.**

Size 24 x 41 inches .. .. Per dozen	**43/-**
,, 25 x 42 ,, ... ,, ,,	**48/-**

IRISH LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS.

No B. 106. Ladies' Pure Linen Hemstitched, about 12 inches, ¼-inch hem .. .. Per dozen **5 9**
Gent's size, about 17½ inches, ⅜-inch hem ,, **9/3**

ROBINSON & CLEAVER LTD
LINEN MANUFACTURERS, BELFAST, IRELAND.

MORNY

Parfum "June Roses"

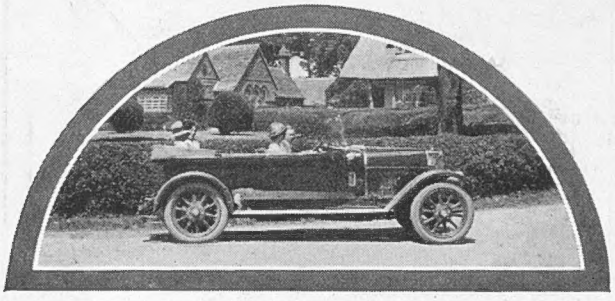
Bath Salts 3/- & 7/6
Bath Salts Tablets 3/-
Face Powder, in 5 tints - - 5/-
Solid Face Powder 3/6

The real fragrance of the
ENGLISH ROSE
7/6, 10/-, 18/- & 35/- the Bottle.

Bath Dusting Powder - - 5/-
Toilet Soap (3 tabs.) 7/6
Bath Soap - - 2/6
Crème du Jour - 5/6

From your usual retailer, or direct (enclosing amount and postage) from

201 · REGENT STREET · LONDON · W.1



A trial run convinces

IT is a significant fact that a trial run in the 19·6 h.p. Crossley always proves the deciding factor in its purchase. In other words, an actual test convinces the purchaser of the car's all-round excellence.

The 19·6 h.p. Crossley can be driven on top gear at five miles per hour and rapidly accelerated to sixty. Fuel consumption results are better than those of any other car of similar capacity.

Every part is readily accessible, and altogether the 19·6 h.p. Crossley is a car which can be looked after with a minimum of trouble and expense.

Five seated Touring model, £895

Full details of this and other models gladly sent on request.

The 19·6 h.p.

Crossley

CROSSLEY MOTORS, LTD., GORTON, MANCHESTER.
LONDON SHOWROOMS AND EXPORT DEPT.,
40-41, CONDUIT STREET, W.1.

The lineal descendant of the cars which hold the greatest number of WORLD'S RECORDS *both for Speed and Distance.*

THE SUPREME SUNBEAM

THE SUNBEAM MOTOR CAR CO. LTD.

WOLVERHAMPTON Head Office and Works .. .. Moorfield Works
LONDON .. .. Showrooms & Export Dept. 12, Princes St., Hanover Sq., W.1
.. .. Southern Service & Repair Works 177, The Vale, Acton, W.3
MANCHESTER .. Showrooms .. .. 106, Deansgate.
.. Northern Service & Repair Works 288/294, Eccles New Rd., Weaste
NEW YORK .. .. Showrooms .. .. 25, West 57th Street

Sunbeam-Coatalen Aircraft Engines. Standard Types, 100 to 1000 h.p.

Shop with Miss Neat

She is buying new shoes and having them fitted with Phillips 'PRESIDENT' light rubber soles. The shoes will thus retain their original smartness and the soles will never need repair.

Men's 3/-, Ladies 2/- pair
Small Children's 1/3 pair

Phillips
RUBBERS

'PRESIDENT' Light & Invisible

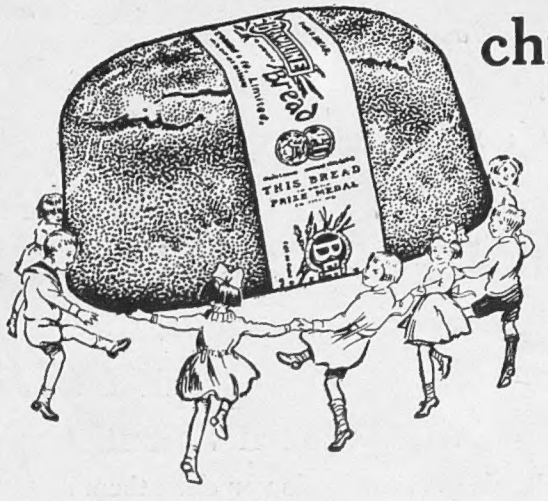
DAILY GRAPHIC

The Premier Illustrated Daily Journal

BEST NEWS
BEST PICTURES

PRICE - ONE PENNY

The Bread your children should have



"Bermaline" is of the utmost value as a children's food, its unique feature being that it contains everything necessary for perfect nutrition, in an easily digestible form. It is absolutely pure, and provides all the elements necessary for building up the constitutions of sturdy, happy children, especially in their earlier days.

Baked with the choicest wheat-flour—made more delicious in flavour, more nutritious and easier to digest by the addition of Extract of Malt—there is no form of food more attractive and satisfying than "Bermaline." See that your children get it.

The Proprietors of "Bermaline"—MONTGOMERIE & CO LTD., IBROX, GLASGOW, supply the special ingredients for making "Bermaline" Bread to Bakers who are agents throughout the United Kingdom.

"Bermaline" Bread

"A treat to eat."

℗ MI.

SMART HATS FOR THE RACES

Charming Hat in Timbo Straw, with draped crown of ribbon velvet in different colours.

PRICE **6 Gns.**

Cannot be sent on approval.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
LONDON W

SMART LINEN THREE-PIECE SUITS FOR THE RACES

Smart Linen Three-Piece Suit under-frock cut on straight-hanging lines and held in at sides and back with belt, daintily finished down fronts, round waist, sleeves and pockets with embroidery in contrasting colour to match coat. In a good range of smart contrasting colours.

PRICE

9½ Gns.

Cannot be sent on approval.

Debenham & Freebody
(CORPORATION LIMITED)
Wigmore Street.
(Cavendish Square) London W.

"Wash—don't scour Teeth"

say Modern Scientists

WHEN your hands are soiled—do you clean them by scraping with sand? Savages used to. But civilisation replaced sand with soap and found that cleansing came more quickly, more thoroughly, and without hurt.

To-day you can scrape the delicate enamel of your teeth with a gritty, soapless tooth paste, but is that a good way to clean them? Is not the civilised way better?

COMMON SENSE AND MODERN SCIENCE

That is common sense, but it is common sense backed by modern science. Scientific Dentists know that harsh drugs and chemicals injure the tissues of the mouth.

Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream does not contain them.

Scientific Dentists are agreed that the one essential to the preservation of teeth is to clean them thoroughly. It is better, they say, to wash out food particles before they ferment than to try and destroy them after they have fermented.

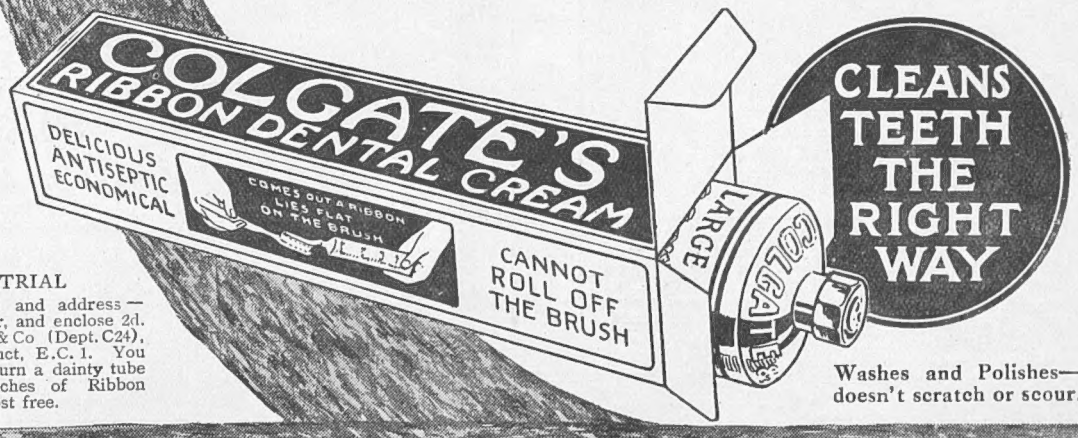
Colgate's is made to clean, and clean without injury.

COLGATE'S—THE DOUBLE-ACTION DENTIFRICE

Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream acts in two ways—(1) It loosens particles, and (2) *emulsifies them so that they may readily be washea away*. Brought into action on your teeth, Colgate's fine, non-gritty calcium carbonate (precipitated chalk) loosens and emulsifies clinging particles and polishes the enamel without injury. Then rinsing leaves the mouth healthy, normal and practically free from materials that would ferment and cause damage. The best tooth cleanser is one that combines the action of fine non-gritty precipitated chalk and pure soap. Such is Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream—the Super Cleanser.

COLGATE'S

Prices 1/3 and 6d. Everywhere.



FREE TRIAL

Send your name and address—mention this paper, and enclose 2d. stamp, to Colgate & Co (Dept. C24), 46 Holborn Viaduct, E.C. 1. You will receive by return a dainty tube containing 42 inches of Ribbon Dental Cream, post free.

Washes and Polishes—doesn't scratch or scour.

PETER ROBINSON'S

Race and Garden Party Frocks

"GATWICK."

A charming Gown of Figured Ninon and Georgette in a variety of colours.

16½ Gns.

"LINGFIELD."

A smart Gown of Georgette embroidered Oxidised thread in a variety of colours.

13½ Gns.

These Gowns cannot be sent on approval.

PETER ROBINSON Ltd. Oxford St. W.1

RICH PURE SILK CRÊPE DE CHINE

LINGERIE

AT SPECIAL PRICES

This Charming Lingerie Set is an exact copy of an exclusive French model, and is made entirely by hand by our own workers from rich pure silk crêpe de Chine. The cut, shape and finish is excellent.

NIGHTDRESS (as sketch) in good quality crêpe de Chine, bodice and new shaped sleeves of lace, finished with hand-veined fold of crêpe de Chine. In Pink, Yellow, Sky, Mauve and Ivory.

SPECIAL PRICE

49/6

Chemise to match, **39/6**
Knickers to match, **39/6**

In pure silk crêpe jersey. In Pink, White, Sky, Yellow, Mauve and Coral.
Nightdress .. **59/6**
Chemise to match, **49/6**
Knickers to match, **49/6**

Dainty Lace Boudoir Cap, trimmed with spray of flowers **25/9**

Sent on approval.

Debenham & Freebody
(DEBENHAM, LIMITED)
Wigmore Street.
(Cavendish Square) London.W.

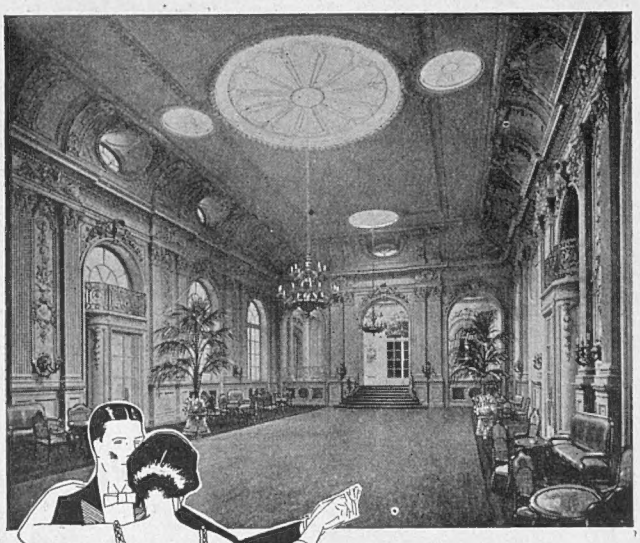
Rich handsome effect in artificial silk. The Broad rib shown is very effective, and the shape is good. Colours stocked — White, Black, Mauve, Putty, Brown, Saxe, Champagne, Grey, Navy, Old Rose, and Light Tan.

55/6

A sample Garment and Shade Strip can be had on receipt of reference or remittance,

ARTIFICIAL SILK CARDIGAN, No. 1537.

JOHN WIGHT & CO.,
104-105,
PRINCES STREET,
EDINBURGH.



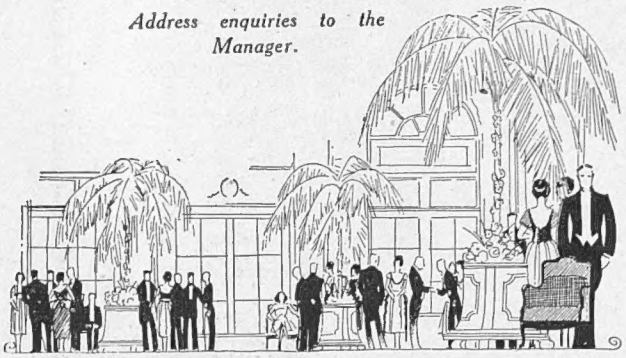
Dancing in the Palm Court

of the HOTEL CECIL — one of the finest and most elegant ball-rooms in London. The floor is perfect and the Music unsurpassed.

Cecil Dinner - Dances become more popular every day.

Dancing Every Evening from 9—12 (except Sunday).

Address enquiries to the Manager.



HOTEL CECIL

'Phone: Gerrard 60.

Telegrams: "Cecelia," London.

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ATTRACTIVE

BATHING SUITS

WE have recently designed and adapted from original Paris Models a number of attractive Bathing Dresses. These garments are exclusive in character and design.

Catalogue Post Free.

Two-Piece **BATHING DRESS** in Black Cotton stockinette effectively trimmed with embroidery in various colourings.

PRICE

29/6

We have a large selection of Bathing Caps in rubber and satin, in the newest shapes and sizes.

Rubber Caps from **3/6**

Satin Caps from **6/11**

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE

VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET

LONDON W.1

Sent on approval

Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

Delightful

RACE GOWNS

in Silk Georgette and Marocain

Smart Gown for Race Meetings, etc., adapted from one of our Paris models in heavy weight georgette, the long-waisted bodice finely tucked and the skirt also tucked down sides finished with floating ends of own georgette, the belt is carried out in crocheted silk to tone and sewn with bugles dyed to match. In Black, Navy, Beige, Grey and Mole.

PRICE

12½ Gns.

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1.

BY APPOINTMENT SINCE 1848

"Take a peg of John Begg!"

John Begg Ltd.

64 WATERLOO ST.
GLASGOW
106 FENCHURCH ST.
LONDON
E.C.3

PROPRIETORS OF THE
ROYAL LOCHNAGAR DISTILLERY
BALMORAL SCOTLAND

All the Royal Palaces supplied for over SEVENTY years

New Sports Coat

JENNER'S specialise in fashionable Sports Coats, Jumpers, and Knitted Suits for Ladies, and have now in stock the latest styles at most moderate prices.

Illustrated list on request.

"MELROSE"
Brushed Wool Coat in Fancy Rib, finished long roll collar and belt; light and warm. Colours—Saxe, Rose, Grey, Fawn, Helio, Navy, Heather, and Black.

PRICE
42/-

Jenner's pay carriage.

JENNER'S
PRINCES·STREET
EDINBURGH

Miss Joyce Barbour in her "L.B." Felt. *Photo by Arbuthnot.*

For Golfing
In White, Putty, String, Sepia, Champagne, Oyster, Pearl, Havana, Cornflower, etc.
Zephyr weight (folding) Featherstitched edge. 29/6
Ordinary Soft Felt weight, Bound edge. 35/-
Model shown No. 722.
Made in various fittings.
Write for Illus. Catalogue.

Lincoln Bennett

Agents throughout the Kingdom. Selection on approval from:
LINCOLN BENNETT & CO., LTD., 40, PICCADILLY, LONDON.

RICH FLORAL GEORGETTE TEAFROCKS AT SPECIAL PRICES

This dainty Tea Frock has been specially designed to meet the need for attractive garments at moderate prices. It is made by our own workers from rich quality printed floral georgette, in artistic designs and beautiful colourings, and is suitable for Thés Dansants, and in fact for all manner of occasions. The cut, workmanship and finish is excellent.

GRACEFUL TEA FROCK (as sketch), in rich quality printed floral georgette, cut on simple lines, lined throughout with crêpe de Chine, panel at one side of skirt, finished belt and bands of crêpe de Chine.

SPECIAL PRICE
98/6

Sent on approval.

Debenham & Freebody
Wigmore Street.
(Cavendish Square) London W.

90% of the Diseases which Flesh is heir to Start in the Mouth.

Use

SANITAS

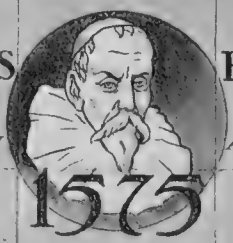
daily and reduce your risk to 10%

To gargle daily with a diluted solution of "SANITAS" is to protect yourself effectively from all contagion. If your throat feels sore or husky, if your mouth is dry and hot, whenever you experience that feeling of "a cold coming on," gargle *at once* with "SANITAS."

"SANITAS"

THE "SANITAS" CO., LTD.,
LIMEHOUSE, LONDON, E.14.
Disinfectant Manufacturers by Appointment to H.M. The King.

LUCAS BOLS
Founder of the Distillery Amsterdam



1575

The world's favourite Liqueurs for 346 Years.

BOLS' KÜMMEL

DRY CURAÇAO
CRÊME DE MENTHE
MARASCHINO AND
VERY OLD GIN

WHOLESALE AGENTS U.K.
BROWN GORE & Co 40 TRINITY SQUARE LONDON EC3

—BUT IS IT WISE?

It is an easy matter to pay more for a nondescript pipe that never could give you a shillingsworth of real satisfaction—*but is it wise?*

It cannot be too widely known that the popularly priced "City-de-Luxe" at **5/6** is made by the same makers as the GBD—a world-famous production, and ***carries the same guarantee.***

The City-de-Luxe has a specially hardened briar bowl which prevents all risk of 'burning'; a specially fitted 'push-in' stem prevents all risk of 'faulty drawing'; careful boring ensures a 'free draught' and the high polish of the briar enhances the choiceness of the wood.

MADE IN 101 SHAPES

City de Luxe

The ideal Billiard in small, medium, and large size.

5/6

City de Luxe 5/6 (Special Shapes, Prince and Army, Silver Mounted, 6/6)
City Pipe, Silver Mounted 3/6
City (Three Star) Pipe, Metal Mounted - - - 2/6

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The Bystander, June 7, 1922 No. 966. Vol. LXXIV.

The BYSTANDER

BY WILMOT LUNT

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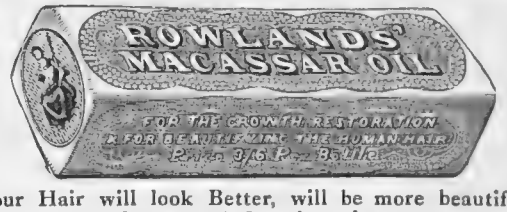

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BYSTANDER COMMENTS

If a man may have two best men at his wedding why can't he have two best girls ? ? ? ?

Revised Version

It is just possible, I hear, that Ellen Terry may appear at a coming charity matinée in the character of the Old Woman who lived in a Shoe. We shall have to put some new sentiment into the old story.

There is a dear lady
  Who lives in a shoe ;
She has so many sweethearts
  She doesn't know what to do.
We love her because she
Is charming and clever,
And we hope she'll go on acting
  For ever and ever !

Jockeys in Top-Hats

I find myself in healthy agreement with my Sunday paper when it says that our inability to enjoy the recent heat-wave proves that, as a nation, we lack adaptability. Sweltering on a near-London golf course, I noticed a sensible fellow swinging happily along in a white silk shirt, while the rest of us were struggling under the handicap of more conventional garb. "Who is he ?" asked one horrified member. "Some American cinema man !" snorted a half-pay Colonel, purple with heat and indignation. My sympathies, at that moment, were entirely with the American, but I kept my coat on all the same. And why our jockeys don't ride in overcoats and top hats, I can't imagine.

That Mystery Ship

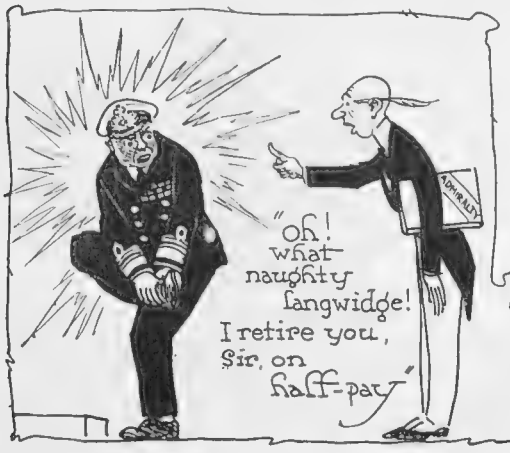
The famous mystery ship of Shoreham Harbour which is to be broken up at a cost of £17,000, was the outcome of lively imagination on the part of the Admiralty. I am not one of those who blame the mariners of Whitehall because the War was finished before the mystery ships But, having had sufficient imagination to build 'em, why not think out a remunerative use for 'em nowadays ? If they had asked me, I should have suggested dumping the mystery ship off Brighton and turning it into a casino. By this means, the ratepayers of the town might have run their municipal schemes at the usual loss, and still have lived rate-free and care-free for evermore.

Foreign Exchange

I have just been discussing the money exchange problem with two friends of mine lately returned from Italy. The first, Hughes Macklin, the Welsh tenor, who scored heavily in *Aïda* at Covent Garden, found that payment in the money of Milan was something of a drawback to an otherwise delightful experience. Jose Levy, on the other hand, having earned his money in the Adelphi, London, England, was able to travel *en prince*, at a truly surprising figure. I have yet to listen to the lamentations of the poor fellow who earns his money in Austria and spends it in England !

Why Not Ford Men?

Met a very famous pianist who had smashed his little finger and could not appear on the concert-platform for a month at least. "It's a great pity," he said, "that man isn't made up of interchangeable parts. I could then take off my finger, screw on another, and all would be well." "Very soon," I replied, "you'll be suggesting that Henry Ford could have made a better world than the Almighty." "I wouldn't go



Senior officers in the Navy whose tempers are frayed at the edges are to be placed on the retired list.

as far as that," he replied. ' I may have a bad finger, but I don't rattle when I walk." From which, dear reader, you will observe that there is something to be said on both sides.

Why Not, Indeed?

And yet, after I had left him, I could not help thinking about his suggestion. What fun it would be to build up the perfect man on the lines of a jig-saw puzzle. How perfect many of us would be if we could bring about some little change in our make-up. Suppose the financial ability of Sir Alfred Mond were allied to the voice and figure of Matheson Lang! Suppose we could graft the beard of a certain musical critic on to the face of Alfred Noyes or John Masefield! Dean Inge would then have no reason to regret the spacious days of the Victorian age, for Tennyson and Longfellow, like Samson, owed a good deal to their hair. Eugenists, please note!

The Scrap-Book

Lady Shackleton is anxious to find her late husband's scrap-book which is unaccountably missing. There was a time when the scrap-book was a valued asset of every library, but it has fallen into great disuse during recent years. This is a great pity, especially in days when current literature tends to become more and more ephemeral in character. The scrap-book has saved many a drawing or poem from the depressing limbo of forgotten things. Seen by some discerning reader it has been pasted into a more permanent record, and, in the fulness of time, has reappeared to play its part in a later scheme. Thus do artistic flowers bloom perennially in the garden of life. Let us revive the scrap-book.

By Victor Hicks

THE UGLY SISTERS

Miss Understanding: "*And* we shall be present at the Hague Conference, too! Just see if we don't!"

Best Men and Best Girls

When a certain bridegroom had to select his best man, he found it impossible to choose between two very old friends, with the result that they were both pressed into the service. But who was to carry the ring? And who was to tip the verger? Need I say that the problem was settled in amicable fashion by the toss of a coin and that all was happiness? But the incident presents possibilities. When another bridegroom finds that he is unable to decide between the claims of two best girls will he find a similarly satisfactory way out of the quandary? "I doubt it," said the Carpenter—and shed a bitter tear.

A Wild Zoo

How many people know that there is a "birds' sanctuary" in Richmond Park? The feathered domain is jealously guarded, as a couple of amateur poachers found to their cost. And how many people have heard of Yellowstone Park, where the wild creatures of the Western World are preserved on wholesale lines? If you have ever heard Mr. Cherry Kearton tell of its wonders, you will regret that we cannot provide its equivalent in this country. Perhaps some Scottish landowner will assist the Government in saving some of the rarer species of birds and beasts by presenting a wild Zoo in the Highlands for the benefit of naturalists who are not so keen on killing as the average sportsman.

Famous Discoveries

My morning paper has discovered the game of "bat and trap." Why, bless my soul, it is commoner than cricket in some rural districts, and is quite as old as the Sussex hills, under which I first saw it played. One day, the enterprising young men who dish up the obvious for our daily consumption, will explain that a wayzgoose is a summer outing, and that stool-ball was a game once played at Sheffield Park. Possibly, in another twenty years, rounders and French cricket will be dragged into the limelight and we shall learn baseball was a game favoured by the Aborigines of Manhattan.

A Disgruntled Author

Mr. Sinclair Lewis is a young gentleman who wrote an American "best seller" called *Main Street*. Having been made much of in his home towns, he came to England to accept the homage of the simple islanders living in these parts. On his arrival, Mr. Sinclair Lewis got the shock of his life. *Main Street* was not unknown to the more cosmopolitan reader, but it had failed entirely to touch the heart of the great British public. Mary Pickford came—and conquered. Charlie Chaplin was nearly killed by kindness. Even the Dolly Sisters "got away with it," but Mr. Sinclair Lewis remained unhonoured and unsung. To say that the author of *Main Street* was annoyed, would be putting it very mildly indeed. I met him at a dinner of artistic folk, who were prepared to do him honour for his very excellent work, but Mr. Lewis confined himself to a tirade against our national

WHY NOT A "*MILLINERY* TOURNAMENT" AT OLYMPIA? By E. T. Reed

If the Tournament were to include "Drapery" and other kindred branches, a "Grand March of Mannequins," for instance, representing the Dress of all Ages, would be a great hit. And what about "Counter-Jumping Competitions" by representative shop-walkers, etc.?

taste and a hefty catalogue of our short-comings. Not exactly a short cut to our hearts or our pockets as you will admit.

Gilbertian

If W. S. Gilbert were writing to-day he would find it difficult to compete with life in the matter of Gilbertian humour, for life gets so *very* Gilbertian. Two incidents at the same London County Court may help to explain my point. In the first case, a woman said that she did not want her husband to lie to her, and so she never asked him how much he earned. In the second, a debtor was described as a "hat-on-one-side-shot-socks-with-spots" fellow.

Conceive him if you can,
A hat-on-one-side young man,
With gay-coloured stockings,
All shot-silk and clockings,
A bit-of-a-nut young man.

Photograph *Photopress*

PRINCESS MARY

Leaving her car on arrival at the enclosure at Epsom last week, where she was enthusiastically welcomed

Photograph] **THE ROYAL ARRIVAL** *[L. N. A.*

The King and Queen with the Duke of York driving to the Royal enclosure before the classic race last week

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

The Week of Weeks

HAVE you ever stayed in a country house where "things were not going well," and the hostess became conscious of the unhappy fact? I expect you have, and know the usual result of the poor lady's consciousness. First there is her pitiful "Something must be done," followed by an appeal to the younger folk, "Do arrange something amongst yourselves! *Anything* you like. I'm afraid you are all being dreadfully dull."

Well, we know the result of such an appeal—a superfluity of gramophone, one-steps all over the place, Youth making hay in the hall; Pleasure tobogganing down the staircase on tea-trays, and a decorus, if dull, house turned into a rush of *hurluberlu*.

This last week—really the first week of the London Season—has had precisely the same effect upon your Bystander.

First there was the Comédie Française Company at His Majesty's on Monday afternoon, at which the King and Queen were present, following upon the Levée at St. James's in the morning. That night our Princes and our Princess went to the Caledonian Ball, the night of the season for Scottish folk.

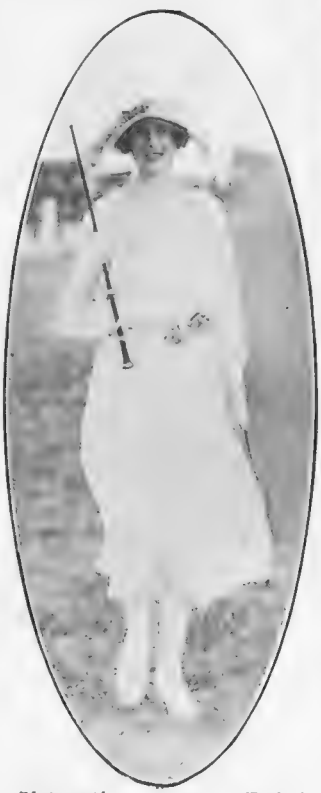
When he was Lord Tullibardine, the Lord Chamberlain was the inspiring spirit of this delightful gathering of kilts, cairngorms, and plaided Scottish dames in white dresses. As Duke of Atholl he is not one whit the less indefatigable. And the energy of these Scotsmen and Scotswomen! They can leap and bound for hours on end, no matter the height of the temperature. But between you and me and the gatepost, I believe it is all a matter of bagpipes and fiddle. If reels were played on an ordinary orchestra—that is, of course, assuming an ordinary orchestra could play a reel as it should be played—I verily believe that halfway through the evening the most unwearied and indefatigable dancer of reels would feel like the Queen of Sheba when she came to the bottom of the steps leading to Solomon's throne, "She had no more strength left in her."

But Friday night was the night of nights, the memorable night when Princess Mary made her *début* as a London hostess with a dinner and a ball at Chesterfield House.

The King and Queen gave the benison of their presence to their daughter's first experience as a hostess and practically every member of the Royal Family was present at what was an historic gathering.

Everything was brilliantly done, and never in its early days under the great Lord Chesterfield, or in the magnificent entertaining of the Magniacs has Chesterfield House seen so gorgeous a gathering.

It was only fitting that the King's daughter should take her place as the leader of the great London hostesses in a scene of the greatest brilliance English Society can offer—orders, jewels, knee-breeches, in short all the *apparat* of royalty.



Photograph *Topical*

MRS. LIONEL TENNYSON

The wife of the Hon. Lionel Tennyson, at Epsom last week

Photo *Central News*

EVIDENTLY ON A WINNER

Lord Lascelles crossing to the paddock to inspect the runners

Many Dances

YOU might truthfully call the week "Derby and Dances," for all the world flocked to the one by day and to the others by night. The Derby, especially "Ladies' Day," threatens to rival Ascot as a dress parade—only you see garments at Epsom that the most outrageous—I prefer the word "outrageous"—would not dare to wear at Ascot.

The Trooping of the Colour for the King's birthday—how pleasant it is to record the return of these old ceremonies—kept a good many people in London who otherwise would have departed on Friday for the Whitsuntide holiday. Many mothers and fathers, sisters and aunts, saw the ceremony on the Horse Guards Parade and then made a dash for Eton, where, June 4—George III's day—falling on Sunday this year, the speech-making, procession of boats, and the fireworks took place on Saturday, to the ruination, *soit entendu*, of many parental Whitsun parties.

As for dances, charity certainly led the way, the ball for the Friends of the Poor at Eresby House, arranged by Lady Carisbrooke, being really a Royal function, with Princess Mary, the Duke of York, and Prince Henry "honouring" the assembly. Lady Hambledon, Lady Hawke, and the Hon. Mrs. George Blezard were dance-givers. So

Photograph Sport and General

BETWEEN RACES

The eldest son of the Earl of Dudley, Lord Ednam, walking with Mrs. Montague at Epsom last week

Photograph Topical

LADY STANLEY

An attractive snapshot of one of the many well-known people who were drawn to the Downs for the Derby

what with one thing and another nobody could complain of having nothing to do. It was rather the other way. People who a few days ago were complaining of the dulness of the season are now grumbling about the "rush." Young men and maidens are beginning to "go on" from one dance to another—a return to pre-War arrangements, which, I think, will mean the beginning of the end of the dancing partner.

Princess Mary

THE Princess Royal, after her marriage to the Duke of Fife, dispensed with the services of a lady-in-waiting, and it was generally understood that Princess Mary would follow the same course. But it would appear that a distinction is to be made between what may be termed the Princess's private life as Viscountess

Donoghue's Derby

Photograph W. A. Rouch

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE ENCLOSURE AFTER THE RACE

The Derby winner, Donoghue up, being led in after his canter win. This was Lord Woolavington's (late Sir James Buchanan) first success with the great Epsom race, after many disheartening failures. Lord Woolavington, one of the whisky kings, is a great philanthropist, and did much for the wounded in the War

Photograph *Bassano*

H.R.H. PRINCE NICHOLAS OF ROUMANIA

A brother of Princess Marie, the second daughter of the King and Queen of Roumania, whose marriage to King Alexander of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes takes place at Belgrade on June 8. H.R.H. the Duke of York is representing the King at the wedding

Lascelles, and her public official appearances.

No lady-in-waiting has been in attendance at Chesterfield House, or the visit to Yorkshire, or the visits to Court, but when Princess Mary went to the Mall House for a gathering of the "Not Forgotten" Association, of which she is patroness, she was attended by Miss Dorothy Yorke, which may be taken as an indication, as they say at Auction.

One Way to Avoid Rates

A BIG house in London can be a white elephant of crushing financial weight. I have just heard of a big house within a stone's throw of Sloane Square, in which its owners have not been able to afford to live for the last three years, although they are passing rich. To begin with, it requires too many servants to run it, and it is one of those tiresome houses so arranged that no part of it can be shut up without great inconvenience and discomfort.

It has been offered for sale, but nibblers have never developed into buyers. So there it has stood with two maids and a caretaker to keep it clean. But, being furnished, it costs its owner £600 a year in rates and taxes alone. He has recently cleared out all the furniture, and it is now empty, and will remain empty until a purchaser comes along. Until then the local authority—isn't it Chelsea?—will be £600 a year the worse off, because you don't pay rates and taxes on an uninhabited, unfurnished house.

Where the Shoe Pinches

IT is the unwritten law that being what is called the "guilty party" in a divorce makes no social difference to a man. Here and there, perhaps, the more straitlaced have closed their doors upon such erring males, but even then the case has had to have some notoriety. The doors have not been closed *ipso facto* because of the divorce, but because of details published in the papers, especially details of cruelty.

The ordinary divorce case—restitution of conjugal rights and the following etceteras—doesn't make a pin's difference to a man. It has, therefore, come as a shock to the *monde* to learn that the Court does not recognise the unwritten law. The rule that divorce deprives the guilty one of summonses to Buckingham Palace, Royal Garden Parties, and to the Enclosure at Ascot is applied equally to men and women.

It can be taken for granted that an adverse decree in the Divorce Court brings a black line through a man's name on the Lord Chamberlain's list as surely as it does through a woman's. And, what is more, if a divorced husband should apply to attend at a Levée he is informed, "Those who are divorced may not enter here"—only it is put more briefly than that.

A "guilty" wife would never dream of applying to attend a Court, but more than one "guilty" husband has made application recently, only to receive a very definite and—for them—unpleasant reply.

The rule may press heavily on those men—and their number increases—who have taken the brunt of divorce to spare their mates scandal and loss of social position, but the Lord Chamberlain can take no notice of motives: he can only go on the decision of the Divorce Court judge.

THE PRINCESS MARIE OF ROUMANIA

The King and Queen of Roumania's second daughter, whose wedding to King Alexander takes place to-morrow, June 8

Photograph *Bassano*

THE DUKE OF YORK

Who left England last week for Bucharest to act as sponsor at the wedding of Princess Marie of Roumania to King Alexander of Yugo-Slavia

Rather Bewildering

SPEAKING of divorce, folks were much intrigued by the announcement that the marriage of the Marchioness Conyngham and Mr. Baldwin Raper, M.P., was to take place at St. James's, Spanish Place, a Roman Catholic Church. The Roman Catholics do not recognise divorce, and according to their law a divorced person — whether innocent or guilty—who marries again during the lifetime of their former partner is "living in sin," and is shut out from the rites of that Church. This ecclesiastical rule, of course, makes no difference to the legality of marriages contracted by divorced people of the Roman Catholic faith, but it makes an enormous social difference amongst Roman Catholics.

This announcement of Lady Conyngham's remarriage in a Roman Catholic Church after divorcing her husband was the cause of an official explanation which I take from the *Tablet*, the leading newspaper in England of the Roman Catholic Church:

"Some bewilderment has been caused by the announcement of the forthcoming marriage on June 7 at St. James's, Spanish Place, of the Marchioness of Conyngham and Mr. A. Baldwin Raper, M.P. But the circumstances are clear. The validity of the marriage of Miss Tobin, as a Catholic, with the Marquess of Conyngham, in 1914, which was not performed by a Catholic priest, is not recognised by the Church, and so, quite apart from the divorce which she obtained last year, she is, under ecclesiastical law, free to marry, a dispensation from the impediment of mixed religion having been duly obtained."

The pronouncement gives Lady Conyngham and her former husband titles they never possessed. The gentleman is the Marquis Conyngham. So far no announcement has been made as to whether Lady Conyngham will follow the example of the lady who calls herself Constance, Duchess of Westminster, although she has married again after divorcing the Duke, or whether she will become Mrs. Baldwin Raper. The first marriage having been declared ecclesiastically invalid, there seems no valid reason why another lady should call herself by a name to which she is not legally entitled.

Mr. Dettman Dressel's Concert

MR. DETTMAN DRESSEL, who was a particular favourite of the late Crown Princess of Sweden, gave a delightful violin recital last week — his only appearance this season — at the Grafton Galleries, under the patronage of the Princess Royal.

Photograph *Speaight*

A FAVOURITE NIECE OF QUEEN MARY

Lady Mary Cambridge is the elder daughter of Queen Mary's brother, the Marquis of Cambridge, who, as Prince Adolphus of Teck, married Lady Margaret Grosvenor, a daughter of the late Duke of Westminster. Through her mother, Lady Mary is related to half the Peerage. Her sister, Lady Helena, married Major Gibbs, who is in the Guards, three years ago. Lady Mary is a splendid horsewoman and a keen tennis player

Horse Show Attractions

BY ARTHUR W. COATEN

Make Way for the Horses

You might walk through one of the chief thoroughfares of London any day without encountering a single horsed vehicle, yet are we less fond of horses because they have been superseded in so many directions by the ubiquitous motor-car? Not on your life. On the contrary, the sight of a well-horsed four-in-hand is still something to gladden the eye and kindle the imagination. The coach-horn is still sweet music. If we meet so few horses on the highway nowadays we can still admire them to our hearts' content in the show-ring. The horse show season is just beginning, and the public interest it evokes was never keener. The various shows look like being better and bigger than ever before. Take, for example, Richmond's Royal Show, which opens on Thursday. Before the War two days sufficed for this popular affair. Now it runs into three days, and there is never an uninteresting moment while the horses are in the ring.

In the Old Deer Park

No fewer than forty classes are to be judged in the Old Deer Park this week. Very properly, the classes under saddle will again be a strong feature. Nowhere can you show a hunter or hack to better advantage than round the spacious ring at Richmond. Your horse can stretch himself and exhibit his paces at the canter and the gallop better here than he can do at any show that is held under cover. That is why Richmond has always been famous for its saddle classes. Harness horses, too, find the perfection of conditions in the Old Deer Park.

Photograph AT RANELAGH *Central News*

Monsieur Venizelos and his wife taking tea with some friends at Ranelagh. The ex-Grecian Prime Minister has been in America for some months, and will probably take up residence in Paris.

The King's Trophy

There will be two classes for mounted police, in one of which the King presents a challenge cup for the best trained horse. Look out for the picturesque Coaching Marathon, which starts at the Magazine, Hyde Park, on Saturday at 11.30. The coaches are to be driven to the show-ground by way of Hammersmith Bridge and Barnes Common. No show is reckoned complete without its jumping competitions, a source of unfailing delight—and not a little mild gambling—to the crowd. There will be four of these contests at Richmond, including one for officers in uniform and one for the Coronation Challenge Cup. It is difficult to perceive how Richmond's long and varied programme could be improved upon.

At Olympia

The fact that Richmond precedes the International Horse Show at Olympia does nothing to detract from the success of the latter. In fact, it would be correct to say that one show helps the other. The awards at Richmond do not always hold good when the horses come under Olympia's vast roof. The International Show begins on Saturday, the 17th, and remains open for a week. Its success from the social as well as the sporting standpoint is again assured. We are all hoping that Colonel Geoffrey Brooke will be able to retain the King George Gold Cup, which he won last year on Combined Training. If he loses it, one trusts that it will be to another British officer, though we shall be up against the pick of the riders and jumpers from the Belgian, Dutch, French, Italian, and Spanish armies. A. W. C.

Result of our Title Competition No. 6

?

Above is a reproduction of Mr. Reginald Higgins' drawing, for which we offered a prize of 5 Guineas for the best title.

THE sixth of our Competition Series was more difficult, perhaps, than some of its predecessors, but it in no way deterred entrants, for the number of solutions was more bulky than ever. The prize has been finally awarded to

Mr. H. G. LUNT,

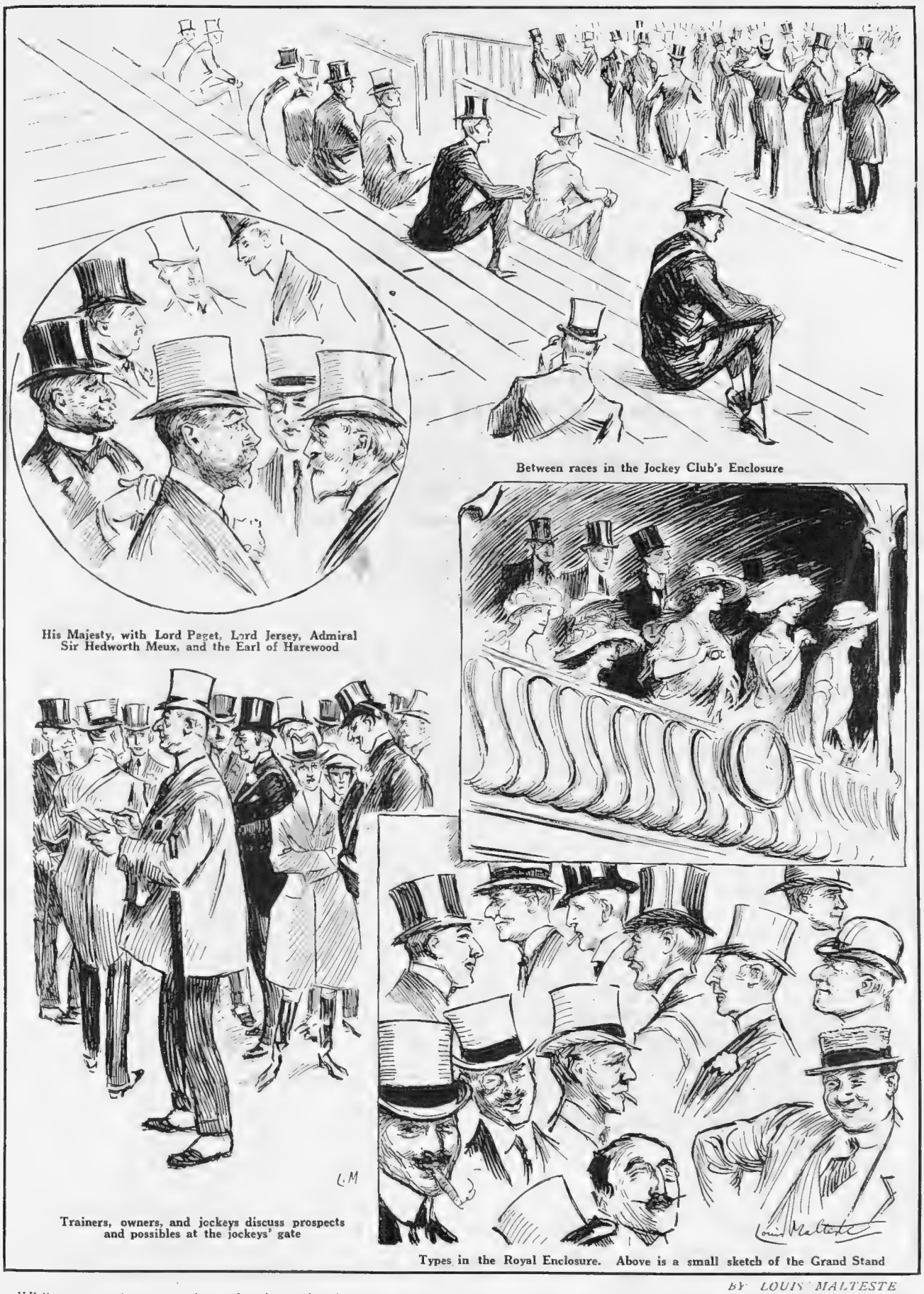
73, WELLINGTON ROAD, EDGBASTON,

for the winning title:

"RIGHT NUMBER, WRONG EXCHANGE."

A S"Cuttle"D Event

THE DERBY AS A FRENCHMAN SEES IT



Between races in the Jockey Club's Enclosure

His Majesty, with Lord Paget, Lord Jersey, Admiral Sir Hedworth Meux, and the Earl of Harewood

Trainers, owners, and jockeys discuss prospects and possibles at the jockeys' gate

Types in the Royal Enclosure. Above is a small sketch of the Grand Stand

BY LOUIS MALTESTE

Whilst our artist was making the above sketches, His Majesty turned and saw him, and a few minutes later summoned Monsieur Malteste across to him, and, as the latter can speak no English, His Majesty chatted with him for several minutes in French

BLUE BLAZES

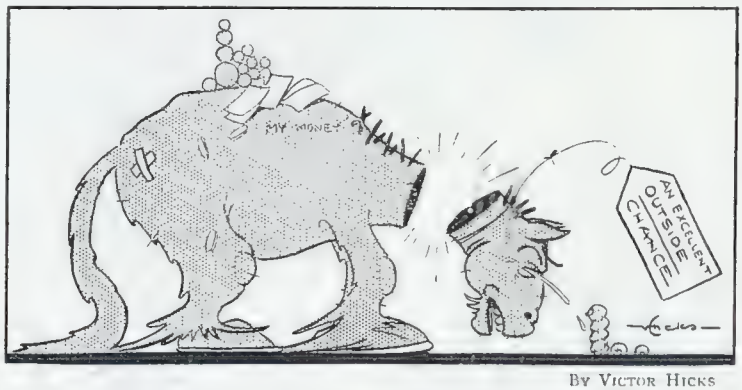
BY P. J. WILLIS

I NEVER did have any luck at betting. I think the very fact of a horse knowing that he is carrying my money is sufficient to make him break his neck. If I back to win he comes in third, if I back him each way he very often doesn't come in at all. I was thoroughly fed-up with horse-racing, and was deciding never again to bet, when Binks came along. Horribly convincing talker he is. I believe he could almost convince a Scotchman to stand him a drink. Wonderful man on form he is, too. Can tell you the condition of any horse just before a race. He always says the first thing you have to find out before betting is whether the owner wants his horse to win. That doesn't seem reasonable to me. Suppose the owner does want to win, but the jockey doesn't, the horse being neutral, what happens then? The number of times this system is interchangeable verges on infinity, so I can't see how this helps one.

I was consoling myself in the bar one day, when he blew in. I was particularly depressed that day. Some fool had given me a dead cert. for the 3.30, and it was now six o'clock, but nothing had been heard of the horse since he started—poor animal, it must have died on the way. Of course, Binks would tell me he had just backed the winner—that was galling.

"You know," he said, "it's you chaps who never have any luck in actual betting who usually pull off the big sweepstakes. Now take the Delhi Sweepstakes, for instance." Then he rolled off a story of people retiring to country mansions, buying steam yachts, etc., on their winnings. And it only cost half-a-guinea. According to him, all you had to do was to buy a ticket and everlasting prosperity was yours. He carried on like this for half an hour, painting the prospects in such glowing terms that I couldn't resist the temptation. I should make this my last flutter, I thought grimly, as I handed him the half-guinea. He gave me the ticket next day, and about a week later I heard I had drawn "Blue Blazes." I didn't know whether to be overjoyed or disappointed. I hadn't expected to draw a horse, but then, again, was this a horse or merely one of the cripples I usually had thrown at me.

I lived through the next few days in a fever of excitement. Supposing I should win! I was overjoyed at the thought of the beaming faces of my creditors; my doctor thanking me, with tears in his eyes, for the settlement of a long outstanding bill; my tailor, his grand old face twitching with emotion at my magnanimity. A lump rose in my throat. These noble creatures should be paid, I resolved. It would be one of my first acts.



By Victor Hicks

"The fact of a horse knowing that he is carrying my money is sufficient to make him break his neck"

At last race-day dawned, and my excitement grew to boiling point. I could eat very little breakfast and practically no lunch. The hours seemed to drag by. Everybody I met gave me a tip, but no one seemed to have heard of my horse. At 2 p.m. I bought a paper, and saw to my satisfaction that "Blue Blazes" was tipped as "an excellent outside chance." My heart thumped with excitement. At last my luck had turned. I wouldn't bear the continual shouting of newsboys in the streets. I wanted to go away, and, when the hour came, to hear the result quietly to myself. No raucous voice would bellow out my failure. If I were to lose I should bear up like a man. After all, why should I not take it coolly? I stole away to spend an hour in quietude at the National Gallery, and wandered about gazing with unseeing eyes at the productions of eminent artists. At 3.40 I was trying to concentrate on one of Turner's masterpieces, when I heard the shouting of newsboys. I waited till the hubbub had become somewhat subdued, and then sallied forth. As I went out the attendant's face was broadening to a grin, as he glanced at a newspaper. He opened his mouth as if to speak.

"Don't," I shrieked, as I tore past him. That fellow's malignant grin seemed to forbode evil. I brushed several newsboys away, and at length boarded a bus. My nerve had gone; that attendant's grin seemed to haunt me. Could I bear to glance at the cold, unsympathetic type which would determine my fate? This was awful! I told myself, of course, it was silly. What was simpler than to lean over to that jovial-faced individual and ask quite disinterestedly the result? I bent forward, a cold perspiration breaking out on my forehead, I opened my mouth, but no sound came, only a hard dry cackle. Several people looked up. I made another attempt.

"H-has Blu-Blu——?" I croaked inarticulately.

Two old ladies sitting in the corner looked at me with concern.

"Poor fellow," remarked one. "Shell shock! The hot weather always affects them like this."

"H-h-has Blu-Blu-Blu——?" I almost sobbed, and then broke down completely.

"Oh, the result!" the gentleman replied. "Yes, Blu——"

"What! Blue Blazes has won, then?" I broke in, regaining my speech again.

"No. Blucher has won."

I sank back into my seat in a bath of perspiration. P. J. W.

Moto Accellerato

BY LAURIE TAYLER

" . . . . . I love every stick, every cobble and brick, in that quaint little old-fashioned town."—FROM A POPULAR SONG

"Lone Waters"

Photograph *Will Cadby*

BACHALP LAKE

This lonely, mysterious stretch of water high above Grindelwald is much visited by tourists. A profusion of wild flowers grow on its banks and it is on the way to the Faulhorn inn

Lord Jesterfield's Letters to his Son

By COLLINSON OWEN

Illustrated by A. K. MACDONALD

No. VII

My Dear Boy—

I was not surprised to see mention in your last letter of Anglo-French relations. Your powers of perception would be sadly lacking had you not occasionally noticed, when reading your morning papers, that the *mariage de convenance* between England and France had not worn so well as such unions between individuals often do.

That it has even come to the point of affecting to some extent the life of an Englishman living in Paris I can well believe. When for several years past the newspapers of Paris have been assuring their readers that England is peopled largely by monsters of political iniquity, it is not surprising that some of the people whom you meet should begin to think there is something in it. The Power of the Press is like Democracy—it sounds uncommon well after a public banquet, but has a way of being turned to most pestilential uses.

However, you must not let all this affect you too deeply. It is no new thing for an Englishman to feel uncomfortable in Paris because the politics of the two countries are out of joint. The curious thing is that one never hears of a Frenchman being uncomfortable in London for the same reason. To this it might, of course, be replied that no sensible Frenchman ever lives in London. But it is quite certain, I think, that nothing in your experience is likely to approach the annoyance of being an *Angliche* in those days when Paris had adopted as its romantic idol the homely figure of the late Paul Kruger.

I think the explanation of the difference between the two countries in this matter is that, *au fond*, the English are, perhaps, the politest people in the world. I do not, you will observe, say the most polished. There we are certainly, as a nation, lacking in that final gloss which sits so easily on many Frenchmen; but for the deeper quality of politeness I would say that we are not easily surpassed. By this I mean a real regard for the feelings of others which is rooted in kindness of heart. Because of a difference in politics we should never dream, for instance, of exhibiting M. Poincaré in the pages of *Punch* as an obese ballet girl in a state of *déshabillé*. We might be indiscreet and unfair enough to portray him as a modern Alexander, thirsting to conquer Europe, but if we did so you may be sure that his physical proportions would be made to appear such as to command admiration rather than excite ridicule.

However, there is, perhaps, nothing so futile on this earth as general comparisons between nations. We are both as Providence made us, and the events of the last few years should be proof enough that nothing is ever likely to change either of us. For my own part, I can say that nothing which has happened between France and England, since the days when our common efforts removed a common danger, has surprised me. I could, if necessary, recite chapter and verse to show that I had expected it all. But I will refrain from doing this, as there is nothing so damnable as another's successful effort to prove that he has been prescient and wise above his fellows. You may easily forgive a man for behaving as a fool, even to your own hurt, but you will always find it hard to forgive him for showing himself wiser than you, even though it has been to your own advantage.

The homely figure of the late Paul Kruger

However, I will quote two small instances which will serve to show that my prescience was based as much on mere intelligence and observation as on any superior wisdom. The War was but a few months over when, in one of the Paris newspapers, I read one of those little *contes* which, at their best, are so excellently done. The purpose of this story was merely to paint an unpleasant picture of an elderly Englishwoman. There was no point to the story except to display the unlovely qualities

of this unamiable creature. Shortly afterwards, being in Paris, I visited the Palais Royal Theatre, with a view to reviving old memories. I was in deep enjoyment of a thoroughly immoral and most amusing farce, when on the stage appeared a most disagreeable sight —*une miss*, with monstrous check garments, huge feet, canine teeth, and a giggle. This caricature had nothing whatever to do with the piece. It did not speak, and, apparently, the belief was that the mere sight of it would *épater les bourgeois*.

I regret to say that this idea was thoroughly justified. And I said to myself with some little chagrin that if there existed in Paris sufficient discontent with us for it to be exhibited in such fashion it would not be long before we saw it exhibited in much more decisive form.

I will confess that there are times when I could wish that a great people for whom we have such a great regard should in some respects be more like us. Heaven preserve me from what is generally understood by insularity. But I refuse to address to you the usual *banalités* which, on this question, usually serve for truth in after-dinner speeches. The truth, *mon garçon*, is that the French, admirable as they are, are never quite so supremely admirable as English sentiment and admiration would make them.

As is our way, we love our friends a little too much, and are correspondingly disappointed when the object of our regard fails to return that affection in full measure.

It must always be so where sentiment tries to form a *liaison* with rationalism. One may find a frequent illustration of this in the case of a doting man who gives unmeasured affection to a beautiful, but rather calculating, woman, and who never quite understands why he is never happy.

And yet it does remain true that for Englishmen of a certain type an admixture of the best in French life is as necessary to him as a bathroom.

One may say, indeed, that whereas the French could do without the English we could never do without the French. If to-morrow London were proscribed to the French there would be no chagrin in Paris. But if to-morrow Paris were shut off from the English there would certainly be dismay in London.

This is not to say that the French are more complete than we. Rather is it that they are content with less. My advice to you, then, is resolutely to put aside all thoughts of politics, and let nothing so inconsiderable interfere with your enjoyment of all that is best in life.

To this end you would do well, while the present tension lasts, to avoid the society of men and concentrate on the society of women. With Frenchmen you will hardly be able to avoid talk of politics. But with Frenchwomen nobody but a fool would dream of allowing such matters to intrude on more amiable affairs.

Above all, if it is your misfortune to be involved in a political argument with a Frenchman, do not try to convince him against his opinions. Nothing you could ever say or do would reverse his prejudices by a millimetre. Rather, on the contrary, let him seem to convince you. Then you may be sure that there will be at least one Frenchman in the world who has found something to admire in the English.

JESTERFIELD

"You would do well to avoid the society of men . . "

A "Sole"-ful Task

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

BEFORE YOU GO AWAY

A new exercise for encouraging confidence in fishing from an open boat

An American Flapper in London

"Mr. L.C.C. is the official gloom of London Town"

By EDNA HUBER CHURCH. *Illustrated by AUBREY HAMMOND*

LONDON TOWN,
Between Dances

DEAREST SIS—

I'VE been all pepped up to write you a dozen times, but I've been so busy dancing around I really haven't had a minute to myself.

Suppose you are all ears to know how my romance with the Major is progressing. Well, there isn't going to be any romance. He's an old-fashioned person. Doesn't fox-trot. Imagine! I could never be happy married to a man who doesn't fox-trot. I'll be a sister to him, though, because he has certainly dragged me around, and he has lots of male friends who have possibilities.

"He has lots of male friends who have possibilities"

We, meaning the Maje and myself and some of his ducky friends, have touched all of the high spots and with all six cylinders hitting in high. We have danced in every hotel and night club in Town, and there are scads of them, loveliest places you ever kicked a toe in. I'd better explain that night clubs are just dancing places. I don't know just why they call them that, except it has something to do with some L.C.C., whoever he is. From all I can gather in my pink shell ears, Mr. L.C.C. is the official gloom of London Town.

"You can finish the evening repast sitting in your stall"

Theatres, my dear, we have just lived in them, it seems. And going to the theatre here is a night out, I want to tell you and the rest of the world. A theatre party is stepping out, sure enough. When you go to an English play-box you get a chance to laugh and grow fat, a chance to eat and grow thin, and a chance to drink and grow merry. Between the acts they serve ices, and teas and coffee, and if you had to leave your dinner in a hurry to catch the curtain you don't have to worry, you can finish the evening repast sitting in your stall. If you are thirsty you can dash out to the promenade at the end of the first act and get a shot of honest to goodness liquor, not hooch, my dear, liquor. Need I tell you that the second act always goes across big?

"If you are thirsty you can dash out to the promenade after the first act"

We went to see *Ambrose Applejohn's Adventure*, with Sir Charles Hawtrey playing the lead. It's the same show Wally Eddinger is playing on Broadway, only they call it *Captain Applejack* at home, I suppose because they think that word "Applejack" will make people think its an anti-prohibition piece. Sir Charles is fifty and over, they tell us, but honestly, sister, he plays and looks like a regular matinée idol. He had me cheering for his side before the first act was well under way. You just want to call him "Charley."

"You just want to call him 'Charley'"

"Over here, my dear, they keep some clothes on the chorus"

Revues, I've seen them all, my dear. I must say that when they put on a revue in England they use a different recipe than they do in New York. You know at home they undress the chorus, spend a million dollars for scenery, buy some old music, and have it re-written, and then wait for the tired business men to flock in. Well, over here, my dear, they keep some clothes on the chorus. I don't know, maybe the stages here are colder than along Broadway. But, best of all, they hire someone with brains in his think-box and a sense of humour to write the revue, someone really clever. But I guess you're tired of all this chatter about the theatres now, aren't you, honey? I'll tell you more about them in my next.

Honestly, dear, I haven't had a chance to see many sights, I've been so busy.

Mommer made me go to Westminster Abbey one Sunday morning, though. I made a mistake and wore my lace stockings, and my feet were so cold that I couldn't keep my mind on things spiritual. The Abbey is wonderful; I'll send you a picture-postcard of it.

"Whoops! my dear, the 'phone is ringing, it may mean something"

Whoops, my dear, the 'phone is ringing, it may mean something. I have heaps more to tell you; I'll save it all up.

Your lovingest sister, SUSAN JANE

The World Traveller

FORBIDDEN FRUIT

By Joe Lee

"You're looking seedy old man. Why don't you eat apples? 'An apple a day keeps the doctor away,' y'know!"
"Yes, but *my* doctor won't let me touch 'em!"

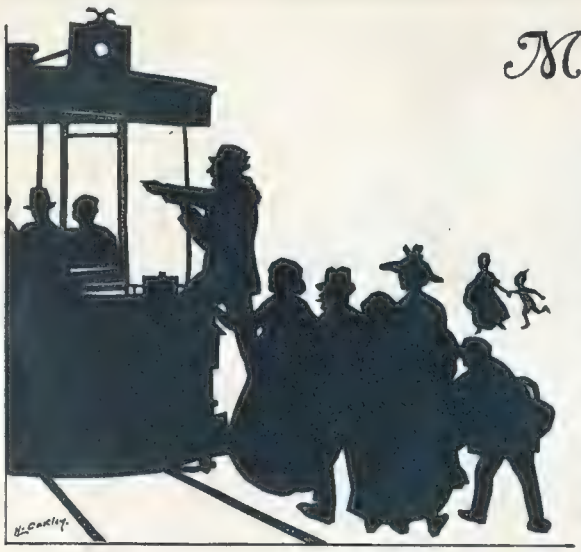
"TOUJOURS LA POLITESSE!"

By Alfred Leete

Frenchman (*who has collided with a Covent Garden porter*): "Mille pardons, M'sieu, mais je ne comprends aucun mot d'Anglais"

MR. CONDUCTOR

BY THE BYSTANDER IN OCCUPATION



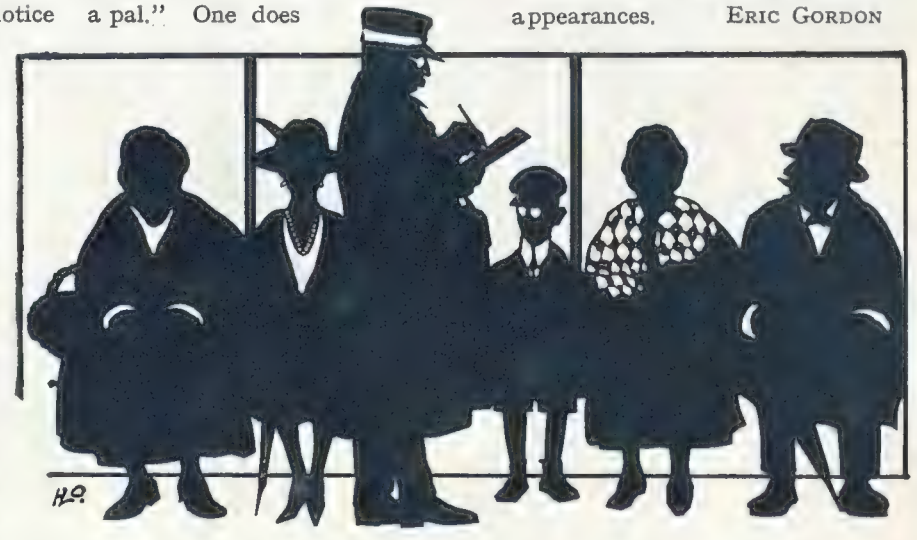
"The distinctly elemental German male"

YOU realise his status as you board the tram, especially if you use one of those fascinating little cigar-racks on the platform on which the economical German carefully deposits his half-smoked cigar before entering the interior of the tramcar. They are methodically numbered from 1–6, and on getting out—if you remember your number—you retrieve and relight your weed. German cigars rarely have a distinguishing band (presumably the makers do not think that the chances of a repeat order make the expense worth while). If they do, it is, in the best circles, left on till the bitter, often very bitter—end, so that there is sometimes a chance of exchanging your Flora Odifera for a Flora Magnifica Cologniensis.

ANYHOW, close to the place for cigar-ends stands the notice in English — "Place for Conductor." That, clearly, is how the German translator intended us to think of him (the notice is more dignified in the original), as an object to be placed in the corner like a stick, an umbrella—or a cigar-end. Though their uniform is similar, this notice makes it obvious how far removed in social status from the humble conductor is the magnificent policeman. You cannot imagine a placard being affixed anywhere in Cologne inscribed "Place for Policeman." Indeed, it is the general opinion that the latter does not himself know his own — also that, despite the revolution, all the forces of the Republic have not succeeded in putting him in it.

THE hard-working "Schaffner" on the trams has probably managed to win a better opinion for himself among the British than any other German official. He is a lightning calculator in the fractional parts of a penny in which he deals, never makes a mistake, and, though properly grateful without being obsequious for the once-customary tip, is equally courteous without it. Excessive gratitude would, perhaps, be out of place, seeing that the usual German gratuity, when given at all, is 10–20 pfennigs—somewhere round about one-twentieth of a penny! Though not accustomed to tipping tram-conductors, the Britisher acquires the habit with fatal and instinctive facility, and Tommy's tip is usually as big as his fare. There are times and seasons, however, when for reasons connected with Routine Orders and passes, Tommy is glad to make his way back to barracks modestly and unobserved. This is the "Schaffner's" opportunity to "be a pal." One does not grudge a tip to a man whose instinct leads him on such occasions to peer round the corner and give the kindly warning "English Militair Polissman!"

THE pride of an aged, bespectacled conductor in his job is remarkable. With stern hand he bars the exit, according to regulations, until the tram stands as still as Cologne Cathedral. Then, alighting first himself, with a gracious wave of the hand he invites passengers to "Please descend!" and, when all are out, the prospective "travel-guests" (as the German has it, and as he obviously regards them) to "Please step in!" A helping hand is always ready for children and women—and is often a welcome protection against the distinctly elemental German male. Nothing upsets the "Schaffner" but an attempt to hustle him, for he is usually a Colognial born and bred—and your true Rhinelander sets a super-Spanish value on the advantages of "to-morrow" as the day of action. And of all classes of officials who have appeared in our military courts to learn that, for a while at least, allegiance to Germany must be supplemented by respect for Britain, "Mr. Conductor," as Dave Burnaby used to sing before he began to "Co-opt," has made proportionately the fewest and least blameworthy appearances. ERIC GORDON



SILHOUETTES BY H. L. OAKLEY

"The pride of an aged, bespectacled conductor in his job is remarkable"

Cubism and the Curious at the Paris Salon

A bit Risqué?

The Provincials are impressed

"Thou shalt not covet . . ."

Quelle sottise exécrable ! !

"Magnifique!" says the artist

SKETCHES BY BORIS

SOME WITTY IMPRESSIONS OF VISITORS TO THE SALON CAUGHT BEFORE A CUBIST PICTURE

POLO *at* HURLINGHAM

Photograph *Topical*

"BEND OR" IN THE SUN

The Duke of Westminster adjusts his cap between chukkers during a warm game at Hurlingham

Photograph

A MATCH IN

Photograph

THE WINNERS O

Lady Wodehouse with the members of the Argentine team, after presenting th in the final round at Hurlingham. From left to right: Mr. L. L

ASSISTED by the open weather, the Polo Season is shaping brilliantly. The Tournaments in May for the Social Clubs' Cup and the Whitney Cup were highly successful, and we look like having some great play in the Open Cup at Ranelagh this week, and in the Champion Cup at Hurlingham later in the month. The players from

Sport and General

IN PROGRESS

W. A. Rouch

OF THE WHITNEY CUP

them with the Whitney Cup which they won by defeating the Quidnuncs L. Lacey, Mr. J. D. Nelson, Mr. L. Nelson and Mr. D. Miles

the Argentine are doing remarkably well, and there are plenty of strong sides to oppose them. In fact, London Polo now seems to have settled down to its pre-War strength. Soon we shall be talking of sending another team to America in an endeavour to regain the International Cup.

A BRILLIANT SEASON

Photograph *Central News*

VISCOUNT WIMBORNE

The Quidnuncs, under Lord Wimborne's direction, did sterling work in the early rounds of the Whitney Cup

WHIRLED INTO HAPPINESS

AT THE LYRIC

By "JINGLE"

Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

THEY call it a musical farce, but I don't think it is quite so farcical as all that. To my mind, it is just an improbable comedy with lots of jolly music and sprightly dancing. But, after all, there is no need to classify a show in a particular manner as long as it proves its claim to belong to the first class; and this production offers proof positive in that respect. The chief humorist is Mr. Billy Merson whom I have not before seen in comedy of this kind. Mr. Merson has a great personality quite out of proportion to his rather limited stature. He supplies most of what there is of broad farce in the show, and keeps the fun going with extraordinary success. He talks cheerful nonsense most convincingly, and when he takes a comic song in hand it goes with a bang.

THE idea is that Miss Florence Horridge has arranged, in response to an advertisement in the "agony" column of a newspaper, to meet the young Marquis of Brancaster at the Majestic Music Hall. She explains to the attendant, who happens to be Mr. Billy Merson, that the private box opposite her own will be occupied in due course by Lord Brancaster, who will be readily identified by the fact that he wears a blue ribbon to his eyeglass. Just what this purely personal matter had to do with the attendant I could not quite see; but the facts had to leak out somehow for our information and I suppose the occasion was as good as any other. Presently the young marquis turns up in the *foyer* of the music-hall, with any number of expensive bouquets that he designs to offer to Miss Horridge as a mark of his respect and esteem, or somewhere thereabouts. After all, you never know. Before, however, he has had time to enquire which box has been allotted to him, Mlle. Delphine de Lavallière, described as a music-hall Star, bounces on the scene, and wants to know what about it, or words to that effect. It appears that the young marquis has been making love to her for some time past, and now she finds him running after another girl and positively emptying the contents of a florist's shop metaphorically on her fair head.

THE marquis tries to explain away the flowers and things, but Delphine is clearly not without experience in these matters. She grabs hold of the blue-ribboned eyeglass and throws it on the floor. Then she pushes the marquis's face about a good deal, and tears off his collar and necktie, and makes him totally unfit for the courting industry for the time being. All the marquis can do, therefore, is to return home and, as the saying goes, pin himself together. (These are not days in which ladies can be jilted with impunity.) Just about this time, Mr. Horace Wiggs, a well-set-up young man, but alas! no more than a mere hairdresser's assistant, strolls into the *foyer*, having apparently lost his way to the gallery, which is obviously his destined place in the house. He picks up the monocle with the blue ribbon and sticks it in his eye, rather amused at the glamour it imparts to his otherwise commonplace appearance. This, of course, completely establishes his identity as the Marquis of Brancaster; and it is only natural, therefore, that the attendant should mistake the hairdresser's assistant for the scion of a

noble house. He gives Mr. Wiggs the marquis's bouquets, and gets him a nice box of chocolates, the cost of which is a mere twenty-five shillings. As Mr. Wiggs is entirely penniless, he accepts the box on credit; while the attendant assumes that a real marquis will as a matter of course, sooner or later, honour a debt incurred under such delicate circumstances. Wiggs is then shown into the box from which he can obtain a full view of Florence Horridge and her suite, who at once spot the eyeglass with the blue ribbon, and become decorously excited accordingly.

THEN we come to Mr. Albert Horridge, an aspirateless gentleman known to commercial fame as the disseminator of 'Orridge's 'alf-crown 'ats. This is a very amusing performance by Mr. Tom Walls, who spreads himself very thoroughly over his part. He has strolled into the *foyer* in order to get an introduction to the fiery Delphine, and while he is making autumnal love to her, he sees his daughter and Mr. Wiggs very much wrapped up in each other. He informs Florence that he shall tell her mother about these goings-on; and Florence, having so great an opportunity for the retort courteous, replies that in that case she will tell her mother about the old man and Delphine. Having scored a point she proceeds to sweep the board, as it were, by introducing Mr. Wiggs as the Marquis of Brancaster. This knocks the stuffing out of Mr. 'Orridge's position, and he becomes extraordinarily respectful to Wiggs, begging the young man to join a garden party he is giving at Crouch End. And as Florence adds her own entreaties to those of her father, Wiggs accepts the invitation.

BUT it then transpires that Wiggs has no dress suit of his own, and has no means of hiring one; and a marquis can hardly turn up at a garden party in a reefer coat. But this is where the obliging and resourceful attendant comes to the rescue. Believing that he has to deal with a real nobleman whose credit is unlimited, he offers to lend Wiggs a dress suit from the stock-room of the theatre, and also to run him up to Crouch End in style in somebody else's motor-car. The attendant himself, Mr. Billy Merson, says it has always been his ambition to be valet to a nobleman, and he immediately dresses for the part in a costume mostly consisting of a white hat with a cockade in it, and a fur cape of the kind usually worn by coachmen.

AT the garden party Mr. Merson is in great form, and the ladies swarm about him like flies round honey. He tells them that they must beware of becoming part of the two million superfluous women; and in order to avoid that undesirable fate he obligingly

summons from space some eligible young men whom he hands round to the ladies, one by one. This is all detailed in a very amusing song and dance, which ends by Mr. Merson, who is no bad judge, deciding at the last moment to keep the prettiest of the girls for himself. It is all very bright and laughable.

MR. AUSTIN MELFORD is entirely successful as the hairdresser's assistant masquerading as the marquis, and he is very ably supported by Miss Lily St. John as the enterprising Florence. The two have a very charming love scene by moonlight, which is received with great enthusiasm, the song and dance of which it is composed being encored again and again. Miss Mai Bacon, assuming a French accent with rare ability, is the lively Delphine, and she has the voice and gesture of the French music-hall Star to the life. In the second act, which is that of the garden-party, Wiggs's duplicity is discovered, and Wiggs returns to his hairdressing business very much as Cinderella skipped it on the stroke of twelve.

THE scene of the last act is laid in a West End hairdressing establishment; and it would seem to require some courage as well as some ingenuity to bring off the final scene of a musical comedy in such restricted surroundings. But the feat is achieved here most successfully; while the interest in the plot is maintained to the fall of the curtain. *Whirled into Happiness* is one of those musical comedies that have so many admirers at the moment, and it ought, therefore, easily to be proof against even the vagaries of the present summer weather. JINGLE

FOR SALE
BY PRIVATE TREATY
at all Bookstalls and Newsagents.

The Editor of "The Bystander" begs to announce that on Wednesday next, June 14, the Special SUMMER NUMBER of The Bystander will be on sale throughout the country. The price is two shillings and every page of the issue will carry out the promise implied by its charming Summer cover. *Verb. sap.*

Happy England!

BY PETER FRASER

Everyday Scene in Rural England according to the "Insurance Press" Claims

Venice on the Thames

Photograph] **A GONDOLA AT RICHMOND** *[Central Press*

In the summer days before the War there lived a fierce old gentleman and his family at Maidenhead, who were often to be seen in the most elaborate of gondolas propelled by an even fiercer Italian gondolier. The craft and its occupants were looked upon as unusual--even eccentric; but this year, through the initiative of an enterprising boatman, gondolas, it is alleged, are going to outpopularise the popular punt. The craft, we learn, can be manœuvred with paddles, punt-poles or sculls, and can accommodate five or six people. Quite a family-ar boat, in fact

A SPIRIT OF REVOLT

BY "ROLAND" *Illustrated by* MARCEL PONCIN

"The gardes municipaux are the recipients of much sympathy"

MES AMIS

Voilà! that the signs and portents grave come to *noircir* the horizon. It is the spirit of revolt. It should not so much matter if it were among the persons who, in the ordinary, have the habit to be unruly and unrestrained, as the Communists. Then not anyone would go to pay the least attention, but would just await until they had expended the energy in the processions and the proclamations. But this new effervescence is among the most sober citizens of the capital, among the stolid stalwarts who have in charge the order of the capital—*la garde municipal.*

THIS is why everyone is forced to take the affair into the most serious consideration. And the *gardes municipaux* are the recipients of much sympathy, even from many people who are too shy—such as *jeunes filles* of the marriageable age—to convey it to them *de vive voix*. For the heart of the trouble is the verb *aimer*. And anything which is associated with that most interesting of all verbs is certain of a generous measure of sympathy in Paris.

Alors, the tyrant against whom the *gardes municipaux* have their souls filled with rebelliousness is the Ministre de la Guerre. He has forbid the banns. He has made the order that the *gardes municipaux* shall not take to themselves a wife. It is not at all that the Minister of War has the objections to the matrimony, as you might be inclined to think. Very probably the Minister, who is a handsome giant of over six feet in height, has a wife himself; but, then, he has a house in which to live.

NO, the Minister gives as the reason for his decree of celibacy that there is not any money available to permit the *gardes municipaux* the luxury of a wife. He does not say exactly money; he says credits. In his ministry he has no credits from which could be made allowances to *gardes municipaux* who should marry, allowances for *logements* and for *vie chère*. This is a revelation which cannot but distress all who reflect. With opportunities to have the wives on credit, the Minister informs the willing *gendarmes* that the credits do not exist.

LITTLE wonder is it that the *gardes* have within their burly breasts a spirit of aggressiveness which is entirely novel to these staid guardians of the peace. I have just read the report of a secret meeting which they have held at nightfall in the mysterious spaces by the Champs de Mars. They have foregathered in the completest obscurity because they do not wish to give the example of indiscipline to the sort of people who have the habit to trouble the order. A report of the speeches has, however, been procured, and, as THE BYSTANDER is not likely to be read by the French Communists, I am able to reproduce it. When the two hundred *gardes muncipaux* have been gathered round in a circle, seated upon their heels, a gruff voice has said, quietly, but solemnly:

"This cannot go on any longer!"

Immediately one hundred and ninety-nine gruff voices have repeated, quietly, but solemnly, "No, it cannot go on any longer."

Then have been voiced the individual plaints.

"My *fiancée* has been waiting since six months," says the first speaker.

"Oh, in that case she will be used to it," replies a second. "Mine has been waiting since only eight days, and she is of an impatience. . . ."

"Mine," sadly confesses a third, "is about to become the *fiancée* of another."

"As for me," adds a fourth, "I have no *fiancée*, but I wish to find one. And I cannot do so, *à cause du ministre.*"

"*À cause du ministre,*" echo the one hundred and ninety-nine.

A sorrowful voice appeals, "Is it reasonable and charitable that two hundred municipal guards should be prevented from

"To be the fiancée of another"

to marry because there is a lack of credits?"

"The *garde municipal* is not made to live alone."

"The *garde municipal* ought to have a wife and a family. Is it thus that the government favours the campaign for the repopulation?"

One who has the *penchant* for the law has pointed out that when the guards shall receive their papers for the income tax they will be called on to pay the tax on the bachelors. "Is this just? Is it not that the *garde municipal* is a bachelor despite himself? On the one side the authorities have not the money to establish us *en ménage*. On the other, they demand from us the money just because we are not *en ménage*. *Tout ça manque de logique.*"

IT has not been possible to pursue the matter further at this first meeting in the secret. So the protestants have dispersed in the silence, without to throw the stones, which is the habit of the Communists. But the matter has not rested there. The *gardes municipaux* have the champions. *Naturellement*, for "*Au verbe aimer*" is an attractive standard around which to rally the support. Even the *vieilles filles* may respectably take up and resound the battle-cry of the *gardes municipaux*, and it is not frequently that they can join in what *dans ce dernier temps* are the popular causes.

THEN there are the senators who speak vigorously on behalf of the repopulation of France. This is a case where there exists not a weak link in the chain of their argument. The *gardes municipaux* are the fine strapping fellows. If they were not *du premier choix* they would not be in the corps, for the robustness is almost the principal of the demands upon a candidate. Thus are the Senators able to protest that the finest specimens of the race are debarred from to keep up the high standard which they themselves possess. Which means that the men who could have the best families are just the men who are not permitted. And not only debarred from to maintain the high standard, but officially compelled not to have any family at all. This is not merely the failure to assist in the repopulation, but the enforcement of the depopulation. A slogan to rally the Senators and the Deputies and the writers in the public prints.

"A deputation to the ministre"

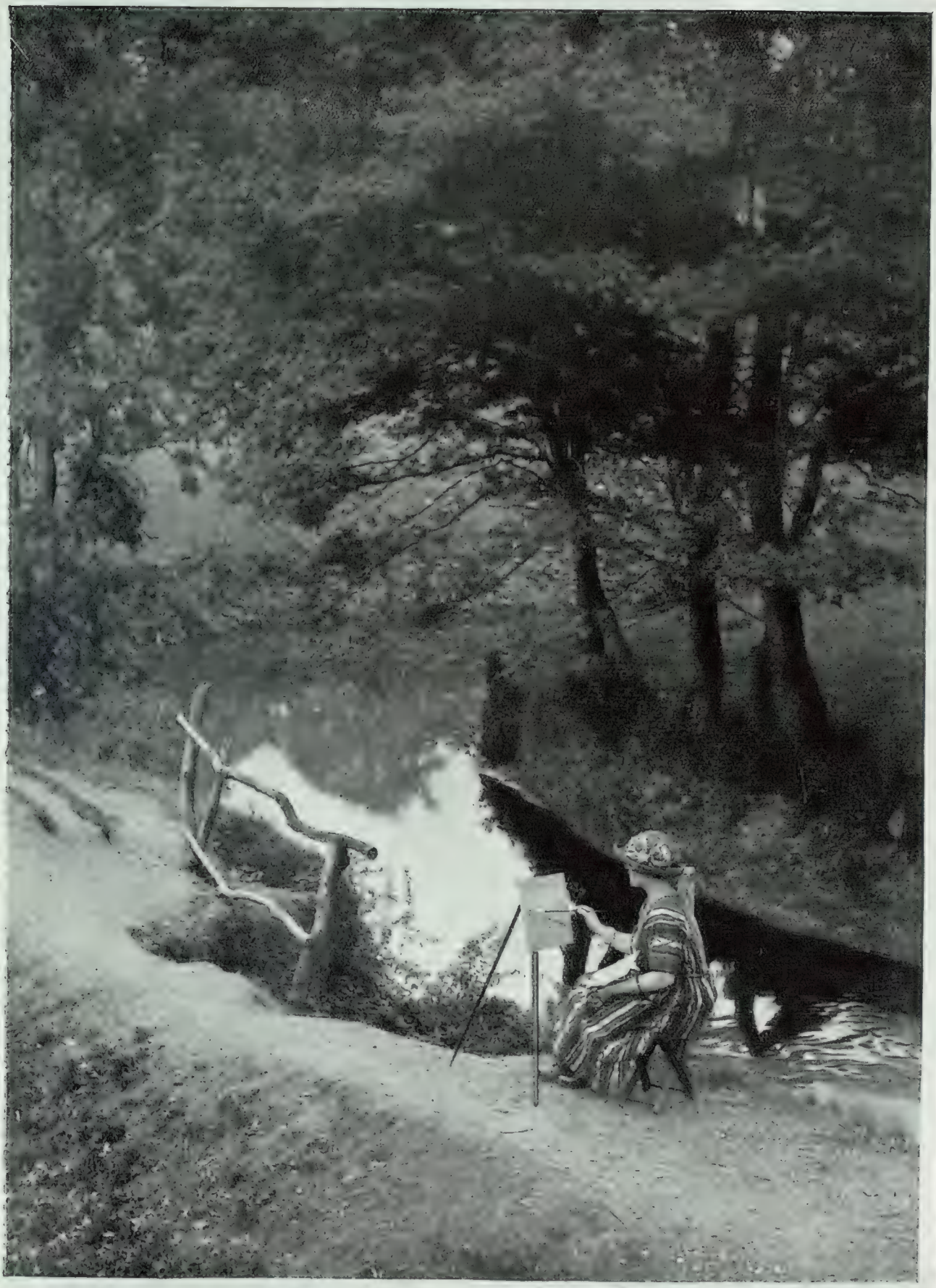
AND then, last, but perhaps mightiest of all, among the supporters of the *gardes municipaux* come the *demoiselles*. One wonders if the *ministre* has thought of the torture which he has inflicted upon their spirit and of the terrible revenge to which they might be provoked. Men who wish to become husbands are so very, very difficult to find in Paris in these days. And here are two hundred of them, all *beaux gars*, desperately eager to marry themselves, and they are prevented by the *ministre* because there is a shortage of the credits.

ONE may safely wager that, if the *demoiselles* could be permitted to go through the accounts, they could quickly find the necessary credits. And they would, *sans doute*, point out that a credit saved now is not merely a discredit imposed on the future generations, but a deprivation of their resources, for the greatest wealth of France is in her children. One expects that the *jeunes filles à marier* shall make a deputation to the *ministre* and tell him candidly a few secrets of their hearts. The *gardes municipaux* have here their best allies.

ROLAND

"L'ARME DE LA GRÈVE." BY ALFRED PRIEST, AT THE SALON DES ARTISTES FRANÇAIS

The Artist



Photograph *Sidney H. Nichells*

Within seven miles of Marble Arch—on the banks of the Brent at Ealing

SAFE AS THE BANK?

By HOWARD K. ELCOCK

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

The Man Without an Overcoat

BY ARTHUR MILLS

SALLY WINK (stage name, Margaret Mowbray) held the note in her hand, and regarded the commissionaire closely.

"What does he look like?" she asked.

"Seemed a very nice young gentleman, miss, pleasant spoken and affable like. He said, begging your pardon, miss, as 'ow if I was to bring back an answer in the affirminative he'd give me a quid."

Sally laughed. "Well, Jo, you'd better go and draw the sov. Bring him round to the stage door quarter of an hour after the show."

The commissionaire touched his hat, and Sally turned to go back to the dressing-room. On the way she passed "Daddy" Tomlin, the stage manager.

"Daddy" was addressing a young man wearing evening clothes and a highly polished silk hat.

"I've given you fair warning this production can't carry passengers, and overboard you go at the end of the week," he was saying. "I run my plays for the benefit of the public, not to suit the dinner hour of members of the cast. This is the third time you've sloped in half an hour late. You are fired."

Sally passed on. She felt no pity for the young man, who had a supercilious manner and private means, and who, since the first day of rehearsals, had been loud in proclaiming that he had only joined the company for his own amusement. Sally herself worked very hard.

Two minutes later she took her accustomed place on the stage, three from the right in the front row. Sally had a perfect figure, a pretty face, and the kind of eyes that several men in the stalls thought were looking straight at them—the sort of eyes you sometimes see in pictures. She also had a most attractive smile, white teeth, and soft red lips. In fact, she was well worth her £4 10s. a week.

Meanwhile, in a centre front row stall, sat the writer of the note. He was a presentable young man; his coat was the work of an artist, his shoes shone luxuriously, his hair was carefully brushed, in his shirt front he wore a sapphire solitaire stud, set with tiny diamonds. He had the air of a man who can afford to give a commissionaire a sovereign for taking round a note to the stage door. As he regarded Sally his fingers played idly with the sapphire stud.

"It may be expensive, but it'll be worth it," he soliloquised.

Quarter of an hour later he went round to the stage door. The door-keeper put his head out of his little cubby hole. It was cold, and he observed the young man had no coat. "Won't you come inside, sir?"

The young man thanked the door-keeper, but said he liked the fresh air. He had waited a further five minutes, when Sally appeared.

He introduced himself and thanked her for accepting his invitation.

"Bless my soul! you'll catch your death. Where's your coat?" enquired Sally Wink.

"I don't wear one," he answered. He helped her into a taxi.

In due course they found themselves sitting at a table laid for two. Sally saw that her host was evidently an old customer. The head waiter bowed to him; others gathered round.

"Long time since you've been to see us, Cap'n." The head waiter held out the supper card. "Madame would like a few plover eggs?"

It was early in March; plovers' eggs were expensive and almost impossible to get. The young man looked interrogatively at Sally.

"Thanks," said she.

Plovers' eggs were brought in a basket lined with moss. Sally ate delicately, but rapidly.

"Haven't had anything since tea," she said, cracking the shell of the fourth egg.

"Don't you get sick of 'em?" he enquired.

"I do rather, but there's nothing else to eat at this time of year."

"Not much," he agreed, "'cept asparagus and strawberries."

"I don't like strawberries."

"Thank God."

Sally paused in the act of breaking her fifth egg, and stared at him.

"Sorry; I forgot. I was talking to myself; sort 'o saying grace, you know."

"I haven't finished yet." Sally regarded the empty basket of eggs.

"Have some asparagus?" he suggested.

Sally made a little grimace of indecision.

"Asparagus!" she dwelt on the word hesitatingly; "it's not got much taste at this time of year; however, perhaps I will."

Meanwhile the cashier entered up: "*Deux couverts*, 5s.; plovers' eggs, £5; asparagus?" He waited to ask the head waiter how much to charge for that.

So far the evening had proceeded with a certain degree of formality. The young man had asked Sally one or two conventional questions about the revue, commented on the weather and the sensational crime case of the moment, but given no indication as to his motive in asking her out to supper. Sally felt something lay beneath his impersonal manner. She tried delicately to find out.

"When are you coming to see our show again?" she asked.

"I don't suppose I shall."

"Oh, how unkind of you. Then I shan't see you again?"

"I don't suppose you will."

Sally's curiosity got the better of her pride.

"May I ask why you have done me the honour of taking me out to supper to-night?"

"I had the inclination to."

"Oh! when did it get you?"

"As soon as I saw you—at the beginning of the first act." —he hesitated—"I came to the show meaning to take some girl out to supper, anyway—just for old times

(All rights strictly reserved)

"THE MAN WITHOUT AN OVERCOAT" (*concluded*)

sake—and, well, you were the prettiest."

"You must have been very confident of finding one of us disengaged."

"Oh, I thought you'd come; chorus girls never used to refuse anything."

"They do now," said Sally, shortly, pushing back her chair.

"Well, you didn't"; he lifted the corner of the bill that had been put on the plate by his side.

Sally got up. She was very cross. This young cub needed to learn that just because he was as rich as Crœsus he couldn't speak to people as he liked.

"Good-night." She held out her hand.

"Oh, I say, you must let me drive you home."

"I prefer to go by myself."

Sally saw an expression closely akin to relief upon his face. Her indignation increased. She gathered her cloak over her shoulders and with a toss of her head turned to the cloak-room.

He was waiting by the porch when she reappeared. There was a slight rain falling. Something in the way he stood, coatless and bare headed, as he waited for a taxi, gave her a queer feeling. Was there a hint of dejection about those jaunty shoulders?

He turned:

"There'll be a taxi up in a minute," he said. She watched his face. How old and care-lined it suddenly seemed under the bright arc lamp. "Poor boy; maybe he had had a hell of a time in the War!" Her eyes travelled downwards.

"Hullo!" she said, "you've lost your stud."

He smiled: "It doesn't matter."

Sally's protective instincts were aroused. Really this young man wasn't in a fit state to look after himself. Coming out like this on a perishing cold night, with no coat and then losing a valuable sapphire stud and not even bothering to look for it.

"We'll go back and tell the head waiter," she said, decisively.

"It's no use doing that."

"Of course it is; they may find it when they sweep up."

"The head waiter has got it already."

"What! he's found it," said Sally.

"If you must know I gave it him to pay the bill."

She stared at him. Suddenly her intuition began to work. She looked him straight in the eyes.

"And this morning you pawned your overcoat."

He laughed. "No; I did that yesterday. I sold my last suit to-day and kept this to wear this evening," he touched the lapel of his tail coat.

"Why didn't you pawn your stud?"

"Shouldn't have had anything to fasten my shirt with," he laughed "or pay for your supper; besides, it was the old man's."

"Come in here, and sit down." Sally led the way firmly to a sofa in the lounge.

The story was soon told; demobilisation, the fruitless search for a job, gradual exhaustion of resources, despair. "But," and he looked at her with the whimsical smile she had noticed once or twice before, "I was determined to have one good night out before the rats eat me, anyway; that's why I asked you out to supper."

"Crikey! and I ate eight plovers' eggs," said Sally. Then an idea seemed to strike her.

"Say, boy," her tone now was that of the matey, freemasonry of the stage (she had shed the "fastidious fairy that didn't like strawberries" manner), "can you dance?"

He nodded.

"Come round to the theatre to-morrow at twelve. Daddy Tomlin's been looking for someone like you. Is a job at £5 a week any good to you for a start?"

"£5 a week!" Captain Gerald Wain, M.C., who had tramped the streets since June, looked as though he was watching the gates of paradise. "I should jolly well think it was."

"Well, I'll fix it," said Sally, decisively. She looked at him critically, "it's a good job you kept that suit; it's a cabaret scene you'll be wanted for, and he wouldn't have taken you without it."

A. M.

Photograph *H. P. B. Hoare*

THE UBIQUITOUS "BYSTANDER" IN BROILING INDIA

A snapshot of a dusky reader on the Indian frontier snatching some mental refreshment from a very reliable oasis of enjoyment

Galloping Sketches by Major

Mme. Cécile Sorel as Célimène

"LE MISANTHROPE"

BEFORE Their Majesties and Princess Mary the distinguished members of the Comédie Française gave a dignified and splendid performance, as alone they can, of Molière's masterpiece. Cécile Sorel's Célimène and the Alceste of Raphaël Duflos were such that the hyper-critical author himself could have found delight in their acting

M. Dessonnes as Philinte

Mme. Catherine Fonteney as Arsinoë

M. Raphaël Duflos as Alceste

Mme. Hugette Duflos as Eliante

M. Dehelly as Acaste

M. Charles Granval as Dubois

M Fresnay as Clitandre

CARICATURED IMPRESSIONS OF COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE PLAYERS IN "LE MISANTHROPE" AT THE ROYAL MATINÉE AT HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE

Photograph *Sport and General*

OPENING OF THE NEW HADLEY WOOD GOLF CLUB AT BEECH HILL PARK

A general view, with the fine Clubhouse in the background, showing the spectators following the players over the course to the second hole. Duncan and Smith (the local professional) beat Vardon and Ray in a four-ball foursome in the morning, and in the afternoon, in a medal round, Vardon won with a score of 71

SPORT *of the* WEEK

As Seen by the Camera

Photograph *Sport and General*

J. O. ANDERSON

The Australian Champion and Davis Cup International, who will be one of the protagonists at Wimbledon, playing in the Doubles with his compatriot, R. Lycett, at the Chiswick Park tournament last week

Photograph *Central News*

MRS. FRANKLIN MALLORY

The lady champion of America, who beat Mlle. Lenglen last year, playing in the Singles at the Chiswick Park tournament last week. Having only just landed in this country, she was not quite in her best form. Mrs. Beamish beat her cleverly after a close tussle

Photograph *Sport and General*

F. RATTIGAN

Of the Diplomatic Service, a lawn tennis ex-champion of Roumania, who, curiously enough, in the first round at Chiswick last week, met an old opponent in N. Mishu, Roumania's best player, and was beaten by him after a close match

Photograph *Sport and General*

A BOWLERS' PARADISE

The Croydon Bowling Club has recently opened two new greens. Our picture shows play in progress upon them on the opening day, and gives a good idea of the picturesque surroundings amidst which the Club is situated

A JUBILEE CELEBRATION ON THE RIVER CROUCH

The Royal Corinthian Yacht Club, whose headquarters are at Burnham-on-Crouch, recently attained to its fiftieth birthday. The members are here seen taking part in a cruise in celebration of the event

THE DOUBLE-SCULLS WINNERS

H. L. Goodman, B. A. Lansdown and Miss Shield (Cox) in the Skiff Club's races recently held on the Thames at Kingston. Miss Shield was also second in the Ladies' Sculling Handicap

Photographs

THE LONDON ROWING CLUB JUNIOR EIGHT

Who were recently "taken on" at Putney by the Westminster School eight. London were the winners after a good race

Sport and General

"JOLLY TARS ARE WE!"

A group of members on the steps leading down to the causeway of the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club, which recently celebrated its jubilee at Burnham-on-Crouch

Surplus Men. By Blanchette

ILLUSTRATED BY HELEN McKIE

"Reckless purchases of dozens of new hats"

LONDON, *June* 5

DEAR COUSIN—

HAVE you heard the very latest and last, the big news of the day? No, not about Ireland or Genoa or the Hague, or anything dull like that. More thrilling even, almost, than what we're going to wear at next week's Ascot or the Horse Show—and I can't say *much* fairer nor that, can I?

ABOUT somebody's great discovery in Harley Street, I mean, of how to arrange absolutely for a cert. that there shall be no more daughters—unless people specially want 'em, that is, of course, and, between you and me, haven't met many mothers, anyway, who did. But just think what it means. No more man shortage, and no more of the "two million surplus women" that's always being thrown in our teeth, as you might say, just as if it was *our* fault.

INSTEAD of which, as the judge said, odds are 100 to 1 or just about anything you like to name that before there's time to turn round, so to speak, there'll actually be a *man* surplus! Nice change, won't it be? Think of how *we* shall be run after instead of having, some of us (not that *I'm* grumbling), to make most of the running—and same time never letting *them* guess for one single moment that they're not being frightfully forward and masterly and doing every bit of it all off their own bat.

AND I s'pose, too, in those "wonderful times a-coming" it'll be *they*, the new surplus ones, who'll have to take to studying dress and things and wearing wrinkles in their brows, and their fingers to the bone, worrying out how to make 'emselves attractive enough to get a look in. Reckless purchases of dozens and dozens of new hats at Scott's and Woodrow's and places, and hours and hours and hours in Savile Row, anxiously trying on new suits, and all that sort of thing! Won't it be a scream and a dream?

"Busy world, too—just now"

BIT on the dream side just at pres., of course, I rather fear. And even at a U.S. dance I went to the other night—one of the British-American Club's nice and friendly shows at the Suffolk Galleries it was—found *quite* a man shortage in progress, spite of American men generally being so keen on dancing. Not sure I altogether like their *very* distant and respectful way of holding you at arm's length, myself, but that's all a matter of taste, isn't it? And, anyway, I suppose it's only a part of their general Sir Walter Raleigh way of treating us, like holding our chairs ready for us when we sit down to dinner, and so on, which, I confess, I rather *do* like just now and then just for a change, don't you?

SIMPLY millions of 'em here in London now, you know—Americans, I mean, though not all men, not by any means. In fact, seem to be still suffering from the same sort of surplus as us, they do—but, p'raps, that's 'cos they've left some of the dollar-winners at home to keep on winning dollars. Suffered just a little from it the other day myself, I must confess, when I was taken for a (masculine) treat to lunch at Ye Olde Cheshire Cheese—you know, ye ancient hostelry round Fleet Street way where Dr. Johnson and that boring old Boswell used to sit about all

day, and—er—talk (some time before Pussyfoot rules came in).

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RATHER lovely to step straight out of grilling sunshine and crowded pavements and roaring motor-buses into the quiet coolness of that delightful old panelled place, with its funny old screened-off compartments for feeding in and sanded floor and dear old English waiters, just like chubby aldermen, to look after the inner man, or woman. And to have just a choice of about two kinds of good old English fare offered you, instead of the nineteen thousand items of all sorts that make you feel all dithery-like when you glance at the ordinary kind of bill of fare—sorry, *menu* I mean, of course.

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BUT, oh, alas! and also alack, for the cool stillness of that ancient place, the time we went, anyway. Masses of American women—prob'ly not more than four or so, but they *sounded* like four hundred—sitting (of course) at Dr. Johnson's alleged table, and talking . . . I s'pose it's the dry air of America or something that makes them have to cultivate voices that *carry* so. . . . And all about nothing but the dollars or marks or francs or shillings they'd paid for gloves and things they'd bought all over Yurrup, so they couldn't have *meant* us to hear. . . . Well, anyway, it *did* make things seem rather extra restful when at last they picked up their toothpicks and walked (so to speak), amid the silent cheers of the assembled company.

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TALKING of dances, slumped rather heavily lately, some of them have, like the theatres. Two dance clubs at least gone West, and other places cutting down in a last desperate hope, though Ciro's and the Embassy seem to be going stronger than ever. Hardly standing room on the floor most nights, much less dancing room. Isn't it odd? Dance fashions, I mean. One can't possibly *enjoy* doing baby shimmies or walks, with steps of about half-an-inch or so at most all the time—at least you wouldn't think so. But to know you're dancing in the *right* place seems to make all the diff'rence, somehow.

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FACT is, I b'lieve, we're just a tiny bit tired, a good many of us, of dancing just for dancing's sake. After all, most of us know all there is to know, or, anyway, all we're likely to know, about it by this time. We *have* had such an orgy of it this last year or two. And then there's, too, the lure of soft, warm, velvety summer nights spent out of doors instead of stuffily 'tween four walls and under a roof. Which, by the way, 'cording to the theatre managers and people, is also the reason why *they've* only been taking five pounds (or is it shillings?) per night some of these summer evenings. Though if they'd only keep up some of those cross-country draughts they gave us in the stalls earlier on when they *weren't* really wanted . . . well, I should think the theatres'd be quite and without exception *the* coolest spots here in London now!

ARE we being very immoral, by the way? I don't quite know by what way, but, well, the gloomy Dean says so, and I s'pose he must mean our little touch of summer's made us enjoy ourselves a bit more than usual or something of that sort. Says we're threatened with a perfectly fearful "outbreak of licentiousness," and other horrid things like that. And same time attacks, for his "licentiousness," Mr. H. G. Wells, who in *his* turn is being attacked for attacking the licentiousness of Maidenhead, or words to that effect.

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ODD world, isn't it? Especially now H. G. W. has leapt to the defence of G. B. S. Almost time, isn't it, that some one went and interviewed Mrs. P. C., and asked her what *she* thinks about it all?

卐

BUSY world, too, what with the first Court on this week, and nice outdoor affairs, too, like the Richmond Horse Show, and polo and things at Ranelagh and Hurlingham and Roehampton, and lawn tennis tournaments and the (immoral) river, and all the rest of it. Can't really bother much about going into the rights and wrongs of things *too* fearfully deeply, can we, now that summer's here?

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHETTE

"Just think of how we shall be run after"

RACING NOTIONS
BY "CARBINE"

Brilliant "Steve"

WHAT a wonderful jockey Stephen Donoghue is over the Epsom course! We ought never to leave him out of the reckoning there. In spite of being rather unfavourably drawn he was able to secure the best possible place on Captain Cuttle early in the race for the Derby, and from that moment the issue was never seriously in doubt. Students of form were a little dismayed to see Captain Cuttle so signally reverse the Guineas running with St. Louis, but the former was unquestionably much fitter last week than he had been at Newmarket. St. Louis did not seem at all to relish the hard ground, but I think we may take it that he was beaten on his merits. Pondoland will live to see a better day. I am quite convinced that his form was seriously affected by the set-back he had received. Tamar justified all those who were convinced that he would improve vastly upon his form in the early spring. What is more, Lord Astor's colt has by no means reached the end of his improvement, and I daresay he will play a conspicuous part in the Doncaster St. Leger, especially as he gives one the impression of being a thorough stayer.

The Owner of the Winner

WE shall all remember the race as "Lord Woolavington's Derby." It was certainly high time that this good sportsman gained the highest honours that the Turf can give. For more years than he probably cares to remember he has sought to achieve the honour of leading in the Derby winner, and on all sides at Epsom one heard expressions of satisfaction that he had at last gained his object. Perhaps it will be Lord Astor's turn next time. Like Lord Woolavington, the owner of Tamar has certainly qualified for a real bit of luck in the Derby. To have owned four seconds in the great race is a galling experience, but Lord Astor has the consolation of knowing that Tamar has partially fulfilled the high expectations which were formed about him. It will be sweet consolation to his owner if this colt manages to pick up the Eclipse Stakes at Sandown Park.

The Week Between

THERE is not much time to look round between the meetings at Epsom and Ascot. The present week is by no means a quiet one for racing people, as the Manchester meeting is one of the most attractive of the season, and is sure to attract some very big Whitsuntide crowds. The chief event, of course, will be the Manchester Cup on Friday, for which plenty of tips are already floating around. When I first looked at the weights for this race I thought it would probably rest between Milenko and Copyright. Up to the time of writing the former had not been seen out this season, but Copyright had a gallop in the March Stakes at headquarters at the end of April, and his performance in that race undoubtedly made a good impression. It seems to me that Milenko is nicely handicapped at 7 st. 9 lb. There should be no fear about his ability to stay the course, because prior to his victory in the Cambridgeshire last season he won the Jockey Club Stakes over a mile and six furlongs, and he also picked up a race of about the same distance at Sandown Park.

By "The Tout"

LORD WOOLAVINGTON

The owner of this year's Derby winner, is one of the finest men that ever stepped over the Border, and has stuck to the game in spite of bitter disappointments

Manchester Prospects

BUT interest in the Manchester Cup will be by no means confined to the two colts I have mentioned. In spite of his big weight Devizes is sure to have a following, while I understand that Franklin may be included among the competitors. I take no notice of the rather moderate display which Lord Carnarvon's colt gave in the Kempton Jubilee, for a glance at him in the paddock before the race would have been sufficient to assure you that Franklin was on the backward side that day. It cannot be forgotten that he was a good second in the St. Leger; in fact, he seemed a certain winner of that race until Polemarch dropped from the clouds, as it were, and completely changed the aspect of the struggle in a few strides. Another good stayer who is being much talked of in connection with the big race at Manchester is North Waltham, who did Cottrill's stable one or two very good turns last season. For some reason he has not appeared in public this year, but if he can reproduce the form which he exhibited in the Newbury Autumn Handicap and one or two other races last back-end he will certainly have a big chance of winning on Friday. My selection, however, must be **Milenko,** whose running towards the end of his three-year-old career was extremely creditable and consistent.

A Big Sprint

ANOTHER highly attractive affair at Manchester will be the Salford Borough Handicap on the concluding day. You will remember that Irish Elegance won this race before being sent on to Ascot to carry his penalty to an amazing success in the Royal Hunt Cup. The same owner has a chance of winning this good sprint at Manchester with Pharmacie. Her display in the Victoria Cup at Hurst Park was quite sufficient to assure us that Mr. James White's filly has not lost her brilliant burst of speed, and I fully expect her to carry off one or two of the best short distance races of the season. I shall content myself with going for **Pharmacie.** On the first day at Manchester the Mark Price Handicap may be won by **Roman Fiddle,** who was certainly not seen at his best at Chester. That twisty course was completely unsuitable for such a big colt.

Ascot Outlook

PREPARATIONS are now going actively forward for Ascot, and we look like having the usual fine race for the Gold Cup, and I expect that the Frenchmen, who have always been particularly keen upon winning this trophy, will have one or two formidable competitors in the field next week.

The Toast is "DUGGIE"

"GENTLEMEN! On this happy occasion, I have pleasure in proposing the toast — 'Duggie.'

"It has been my pleasant experience to have many eminently satisfactory transactions with the 'Prince of Turf Accountants'—whose enterprise eliminated all old-fashioned restrictions. He originated all the great concessions which we backers enjoy to-day.

"Moreover, anything 'Duggie' advertises is honourably carried out, and above all, he never quibbles.

"May he live long to continue satisfying us backers, and let us hope his success is maintained.

"Join me in drinking the toast **'Duggie'**—the best known and straightest sportsman in the World."

Why not write to-day and open a Credit Account?

Douglas Stuart

New Oxford St., London.

"Duggie NEVER owes."—*Sporting Times.*

Femina

How Often Should a House Be Decorated?

BY MRS. M. VINCE

THERE are fashions in house-decorating just as there are fashions in clothes. But there is much less excuse for them. For decorations do not wear out quickly. There are, I know, people who tire very soon of their rooms and like to have them not only done afresh, but done in an entirely different way, every two or three years. You may be certain that they have never lived in rooms that were properly decorated. Whatever has attracted them, it has not been the beauty of the decorations which they chose. It has probably been something merely extravagant and violent, something which made them say, "How daring and unusual. We have never seen a drawing-room before decorated with black dragons. It is much more interesting than these conventional patterns. Everyone will notice it." So they chose it, and everyone for a time did notice it, and they had the pleasure of hearing all their friends exclaim, "How daring and unusual. We have never before seen a drawing-room decorated with black dragons." But the friends very soon got used to the black dragons, and somebody thought of something still more daring. With that their pleasure in their drawing-room had gone, and, as soon as they could, they had it redecorated, choosing something as unlike black dragons—of which they were heartily tired—as they possibly could.

THAT is the history of the rooms in too many houses where there is money to be spent, and the people can afford to run after any new thing. This is really just as absurd as selling your pictures every two or three years. If you have beautiful rooms, just as if you have beautiful pictures, you will not want to change them.

BUT apart from such fashions, how long will the decorations of a house last? The answer depends on a good many things. They will naturally last longer in the country than in town. They will last much longer in a dry house than in a damp house, and between good and bad papers and paints there is a difference in life of many years. A hand-made paper lasts much longer than a machine-made, and the quality of a paint depends principally, not on the pigment which gives the colour, but on the oil which is the substance of the paint. If paint is to be durable, the oil must have been kept for some time. That is a point to bear in mind, and to make sure of, when you are having your house decorated.

Photograph *Dorothy Wilding*

OLIVETTE IN THE "FOLIES DE MONTMARTRE"

This attractive dancer is only one of the many clever people who have transformed the Queen's Dance Club into one of the most enjoyable pleasure places in Town, and the "Folies de Montmartre" comprise a programme of really clever dancing and original vaudeville

ANOTHER important thing, if your paint is to last, is to have a sufficient number of coats. But on that point it is impossible to lay down any general rule, for the number depends on the condition of the paint already on the wood. You may, however, be certain of one thing, that if you have your house decorated cheaply the economy will be got by a saving in paint for which you will very soon have to pay.

THE essential and practical difference between good and bad in papers and paint is that you can clean the good, and the bad you cannot clean. It takes very little cleaning—particularly with patent cleaners, which are as destructive of paint as of dirt—to remove one or two coats of poor paint. As to good papers, it is not realised enough that they can be cleaned, and that after cleaning they are as good as new. I have known a paper that had been up for twelve years. By that time it was dirty, and the people of the house decided—very reluctantly, for they did not want to have any change—that they must get the room repapered. I saw that the paper was good, and advised them instead to have it cleaned. This was done, and when they saw the result I could hardly make them believe that it was not new paper.

IF, however, one were to take an average, including country and town, then I should say that the length of life and decoration, where material and workmanship are good, is eight years. When one is to live in rooms unchanged for that length of time one needs some quality in them more lasting than the sudden attraction of novelty. Those who want simply to startle their friends with an unexpected extravagance of colour or design need not trouble to get good materials. They will be tired of their choice long before even a cheap paint is worn out. But of a beautiful room one does not grow tired. I once had people come to me whose house had not needed redecorating for twenty years, and all that they asked was that it should be decorated again in exactly the same way.

M. V.

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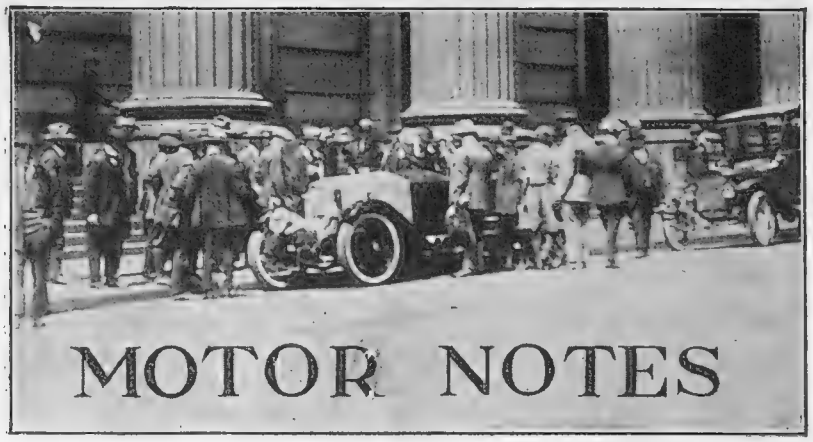

MOTOR NOTES

AN INTERESTED CROWD ROUND A VAUXHALL IN MONTREAL

THERE was a record Press attendance at the opening of the new Raleigh works at Nottingham by Lord Birkenhead, and it was quite understandable, as though there were many other and possibly more distinguished personages present—from Cabinet Ministers down to mere Members of Parliament—yet the Fourth Estate has ever appreciated the public value of the Raleigh cycle and its *confrère*, the motor-bike. Also the romance of how a hugh business has grown from such humble beginnings by the mere accident of a doctor ordering exercise to a middle-aged man and recommending that the form it should take was cycling just appealed to these 136 writers. For Mr. Frank Bowden, in 1886 (afterwards Sir Frank Bowden), was the patient, so he bought a bicycle haphazard and got well riding it. It happened by chance that this was a Raleigh, made in a tiny shop in Raleigh Street, Nottingham. His son, Sir Harold Bowden, the present managing director of the firm, told us all how it happened. The growth of the business when his father started in partnership with the original cycle-builder increased from three machines in a week to 400 machines per day, besides motor-cycles and three-speed gears for other makers' machines. But the friendly relations between the management and the workpeople are one of the main factors that have led to success. Only last autumn the company found it had to face serious opposition, mainly from Germany. The price of a Raleigh cycle then was fourteen guineas. The German machine was selling at nearly half that figure. So the management showed the shop stewards and works committee what they were up against. To-day the Raleigh is down to ten guineas, as both profit and costs were cut, the management sacrificing the former and the workpeople reduced wages to give the latter. Its success was immediate, and the co-operation between employers and employed justified by the increased business that ensued. Hence the new works, to say nothing of the luncheon to wish continued success to the old firm. And it must succeed, for everybody in the business is a tryer, yes, Raleigh!

* * *

I THOUGHT I should get—you know what I mean?—well, another letter from my prolific correspondent, Selwyn F. Edge, after my remarks about the A.C. speed records making the ordinary owner dissatisfied with a mere forty or fifty miles an hour on the standard machine. Of course, S.F. disagrees; he would, or he could not write me another letter, Heaven bless him. Still, as he is kind enough to tell me how the extra speed is attained in a racing car and lost in the standard article I pass this information to you, dear readers. It seems it is all wind—yes, I believe you, S.F.—wind resistance, as "the private owner must realise that high speeds over fifty miles an hour bring an immensely increased wind resistance, and a

(*Continued on page 654*)

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VAUXHALL
A Superb Touring Car

BUILT for those who have formed a fine taste in motor-cars; in a works as splendidly equipped for body-building as for chassis-building. In every point the performance of this car will delight you, and your satisfaction will be increased by the knowledge that you are driving the handsomest car on the road.

25 h.p. Vauxhall-Kington open car. Seats five. Chassis length 10 feet 10 inches; note ample body length, 8 feet 8 inches. Many special features. Three years' chassis guarantee.

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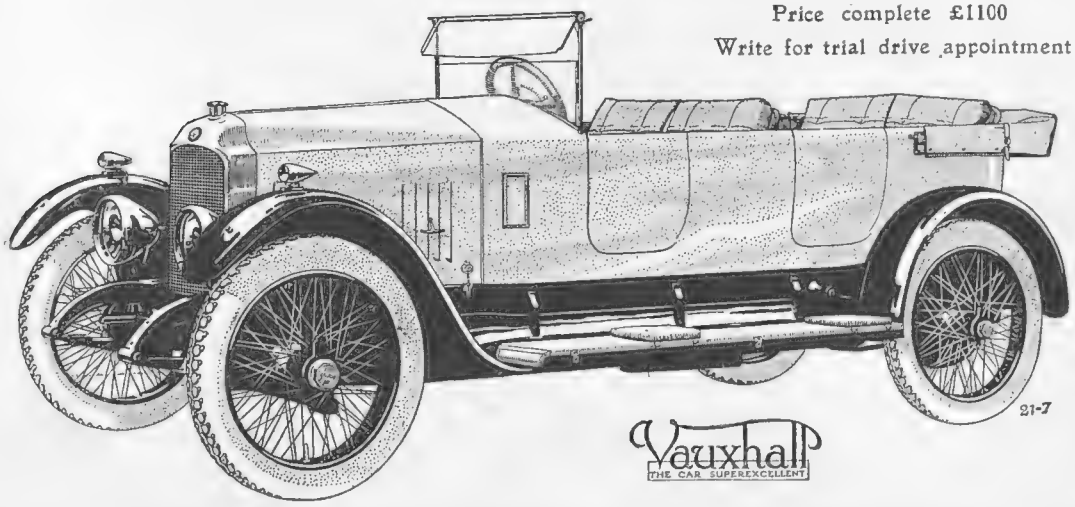

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MOTOR NOTES (concluded)

single-seated racing car gets quite a lot of its speed through mere reduction in wind resistance." And there is the cat let out of the bag. Moreover, as my correspondent says, most people are content with hanging on to 40 m.p.h. as the standard A.C. will do "just as long as you like, and there are neither roads in this country where it would be safe to exceed this for any length of time, nor are there drivers who would do so with safety for any length of time." I daren't write another word, but just whisper "Hush! the speed-limit is not off yet."

* * *

PETO and Radford, the battery-makers, have opened a new service depot in London at 43, Johnson Street, Westminster, a turning out of Page Street, so that the motorists with the accumulators that want boosting, topping, or other attention can now be attended to while you wait. The feature of these makers' batteries is the insistence of not cutting down plates or liquid clearance because of the fads of the coachbuilder or automobile engineer. They maintain in these matters motorists must be guided by electricians, not petrol experts. Well, each man to his trade, but there are such a lot of trades in a modern motor-car, each one of which fights for supremacy, and they can't all have it, so the weakest go to the wall. And it often is the battery.

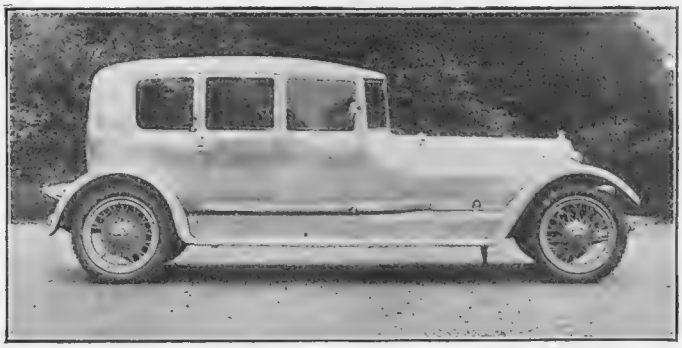
* * *

I HAD a very pleasurable trip in a 12 h.p. Austin that was lent to me, as it is essentially a family car to potter about in. The steering is very light, the seats and springing comfortable, the gear-changing silent and easy, and it can crank quite well on top. I only used the lowest of the four gears to get in and out of my garage, as you can start on second speed ordinarily. Its comfortable speed is up to thirty miles an hour, though I did do 42 m.p.h. on a short stretch of straight road. But as a family car with easy room for four people to see the country—not flash by it like lightning—you are passing through and keep the lady of the house in her pleasantest frame of mind and not holding her hat or chasing ends of veils streaming in the wind as you glide through the lanes, this Austin "twelve" is capital value for money. Moreover, the electric-starter does start the engine, though it is as well to tickle the carburettor before you put your foot on the starter button.

* * *

CONGRATULATIONS to Lieut.-Colonel J. A. Cole, of the Humber Company, who is this year's president of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, and also to our Hamilton M. Hobson, who is one of the new vice-presidents, the late hon. treasurer of that body. They are both good men, and are real hard workers, which the motor trade need at times like this, but I hope Hamilton's office duties won't keep him off the golf course, as the Automobile Golfing Society cannot spare him or the cheery outings he so excellently manages for the members of that ilk. Colonel J. Sealy Clarke, who has taken the office of hon. treasurer, is another excellent sportsman and very popular, too, and Spencer Moulton tyres, in which he is interested, ought to be proud of his step towards the presidency.

OLD HY.



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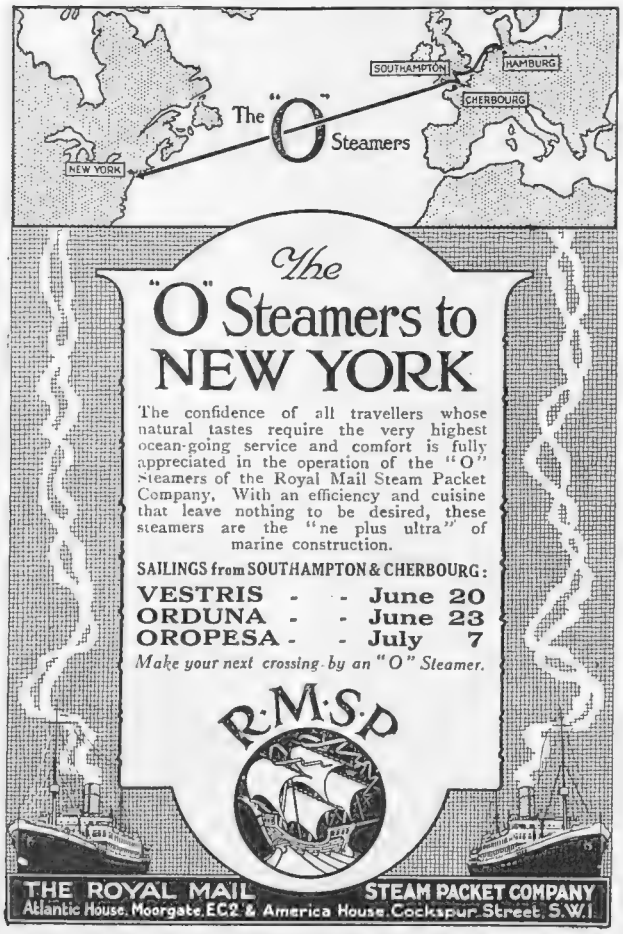

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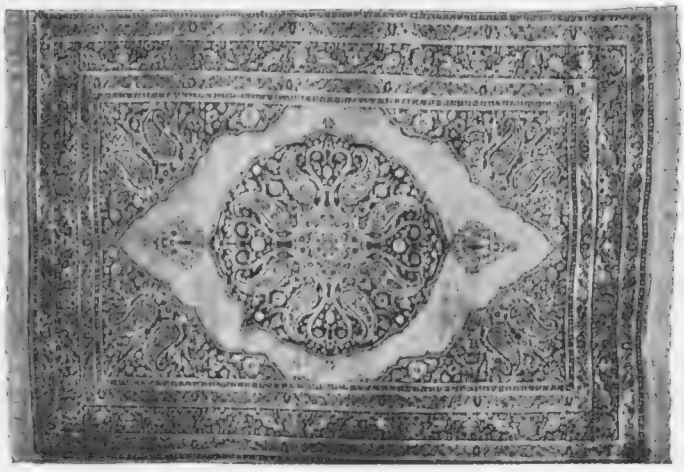

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390—SERABEND
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"Chucking" Points at Lawn Tennis

A CHIVALROUS ACT AND ITS CONSEQUENCES

At lawn tennis tournaments it occasionally happens that an umpire gives a decision in favour of a player which, in the opinion of that player, ought to have been given against him, and that the player, in consequence, "chucks" the next point (either by purposely serving a double fault or by banging his return of the service into the net or out of court) in order to compensate his opponent for the loss of a point which he had (presumably) won. The practice is as old as the game itself and it has become more and more prevalent as the number of the game's votaries has increased. But there is, and always will be, a very grave doubt as to its propriety.

On the face of it it is a chivalrous act—the outcome of a desire on the part of the player who performs it not to profit by an advantage to which he does not regard himself as legitimately entitled, and as such it is to be commended. The "gallery" (if there is one) invariably takes this view and applauds enthusiastically, and the papers often follow suit and praise the player for his behaviour. "Sporting" is, I believe, the accepted epithet—in journalese—for an act of this kind.

But this is only the *prima facie* case. There are other aspects of the "chucking" of a point apart from the chivalry of it, and other people to be considered besides the "chucker." In the first place, if you purposely lose a point, you do not necessarily compensate your opponent for the loss of its predecessor because points vary in value according to the state of the score. If, for instance, your opponent, when his score is 15 to love, loses a point which you think ought to be his and ought, therefore, to make him 30—love, you do not fully compensate him by "chucking" a point and thereby making him 30—15.

Again, if a similar accident happens when he is 40 to your 30, the score becomes deuce instead of game to him; consequently, to compensate him fully you ought to present him with two points so as to give him the game which you regard him as having already won. It is much the same if you are leading when the doubtful points crops up only rather worse, because it may mean that you score the game thereby. Only in the case where one player is two strokes ahead of the other when the accident happens is the loser by it compensated more nearly to the full if the next point is given to him.

Again, what of the feelings of the man who benefits by his adversary's chivalry? Much will, of course, depend upon his character and temperament, but is it not quite possible that he may think that he is being made to look rather small? I know plenty of players who positively hate having points thrown at their heads in this way, because it is quite apt to put them off their game. And it is not everybody who appreciates being made a vehicle for the display of another fellow's virtues, whether he likes it or not.

Lastly, there is the umpire. Everybody is agreed that the decision of an umpire should be accepted without demur. If you "chuck" a point because you believe that its predecessor was wrongly given in your favour, you are, in actual fact, disputing the umpire's decision and taking steps to override it. Your action, therefore, however chivalrous it may be towards one person, is an act of grave discourtesy to another. The crowd, too, while applauding your sportsmanship, are also passing a vote of censure (proposed by yourself) on the umpire, although you would probably find that such a thing had never occurred to nine-tenths of them.

There is so much umpiring to the square inch, so to speak, in lawn tennis that very few matches, even when the umpiring is of the best, are umpired absolutely correctly from start to finish. Possibly because of this there are not many other games in which umpires are treated with such scant respect. And yet there is no real justification for it.

Personally, I believe that the greatest happiness of the greatest number would best be achieved in the long run if all umpiring mistakes were rigidly treated as "rubs on the green." If you make a glaring mishit and nevertheless win the point, or if your opponent is completely beaten by a false bound, you do not present him with the next point, yet you have gained the point just as luckily as if it were yours through the faulty decision of an umpire. An Umpires' Association is now in process of formation. I hope that as soon as it has begun to feel its feet it will turn its attention to the practice of "chucking" points. I doubt whether it will ever have a very large membership unless it does. A sensible umpire never objects if he is courteously requested to reconsider a decision, but no umpire relishes having his rulings openly flouted. H.S.S.

THE LAST STRAW By Harry Low

"Sorry, old man, to hear that your engagement is broken off"

"Yes, old thing, frightfully upsetting; especially when she returned my ring in a package marked 'Glass—with Care!'"

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SURFIN.

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LAFONT Chocolates form an ideal gift. The simple, delicately designed box, with its original fastening, immediately suggests the dignity and richness of its contents.

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Wrote a customer who, prior to ordering a necklet of

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had grave doubts as to our ability to support the claims made in our advertisements.

The letter, the original of which anyone can see, reads :—

"I beg to acknowledge receipt of the Ciro Pearl Necklace, and would like to express my appreciation of the prompt manner in which you attended to my order, especially as I left it so close. I must say that I am delighted with the pearls. Frankly, I could not persuade myself that your claims for them could be substantiated, but now I require your advertisements to persuade myself that they are not real pearls. Altogether, the pearls in their case make the finest gift I have yet seen."

The value for money expended on Ciro Pearls is obvious when they thus exceed all expectations. If you come to our Showrooms your own eyes will convince you, or, if you cannot, avail yourself of

OUR UNIQUE OFFER.

On receipt of One Guinea, we will send you a Necklet of Ciro Pearls, 16 inches long, with clasp and case complete, or a Ring, Brooch, Ear-rings, or any other Ciro Pearl Jewel in hand-made gold settings. If, after comparing them with real or other artificial pearls, they are not found equal to the former or superior to the latter, return them to us within fifteen days and we will refund your money. Ciro Pearl Necklets may also be obtained in any length required. We have a large staff of expert pearl stringers.

Latest descriptive booklet No. 7 sent post free on application

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Our Showrooms are on the First Floor, over Lloyd's Bank. Near Piccadilly

Elizabeth Arden's Invitation

to the Women of Wonderful London

ELIZABETH ARDEN has pleasure in announcing the opening of her new Salon at 25, Old Bond Street, where she is able to give the Arden Muscle-Strapping Treatment that has met with so much success in New York and Paris.

She has brought to London the fruit of her life-work enriched with the experience and practical knowledge gained in her other great-world centres.

Elizabeth Arden longs to put colour into the life of human beings: to give the results of her arduous studies to the women of London: to aid them to preserve their beauty, to hold the health of youth, not alone with the help of art, but with those far more certain allies—the laws of health and hygiene and the definite teachings of an exact science.

She wishes the women of wonderful London to look upon this Salon as a haven where they may find that quiet repose and restorative treatment so beneficial in soothing away the signs of strain which even normal living imposes nowadays.

When London women know what the Arden Treatment can do for them, they will turn as naturally to the Bond Street Salon as the beautiful women of New York and Paris turn to her Salons in their Cities.

Miss Arden invites every woman to pay her a visit. To those who are unable to call she will be pleased to send a copy of her Booklet No. 1 entitled "The Quest of the Beautiful," giving particulars of her Muscle-Strapping Method and Venetian Preparations.

Telephone Regent 5565 for appointments.

ELIZABETH ARDEN
25·OLD BOND ST·LONDON·W

673·FIFTH AVENUE·NEW YORK·255·RUE ST·HONORÉ·PARIS

Fashion's Fancies

BY MRS. JACK MAY

THE chief topic of the hour is of Ascot gowns, wraps and millinery, and, if clothes are any criterion, it should prove a record meeting, for the big *couturières* are all working at high pressure, and a peep behind the scenes has revealed some of the loveliest creations the heart of dress-loving woman could desire to find.

Hats for All Occasions

WHAT a smart becoming hat is to a woman, only a woman knows. It endows her with a courage and a sense of well-being higher things are powerless to bestow, and this season she is exceptionally well equipped, young and middle-aged alike finding the large spreading brims, so much in vogue, admirably adapted to their summer needs.

For *le dernier cri*, of course, the wise make a bee line for the *Maison* Lewis, Regent Street. Paris models appear here simultaneously with the firm's house in Paris, consequently one may accept without demur the new line of brim that is broader at the sides than from back to front.

An adorable example captured by our artist's facile pen is of crinoline in a curious shade that is best likened to a delicate wallflower *nuance* something between orange and pink. This is swathed with a scarf of *tulle* the same tone, of sufficient length to be carelessly twisted round the throat, and carries in front a closely packed tapering wreath of shaded marigolds. It is a gay and joyous *chapeau*, one that would go well with innumerable gowns.

Of like character is a currant-red crin, the brim slightly rolled up at the back, while in front there is posed a great pompom of giant cherry blossom. This, as is the case with so many of the models at the *Maison* Lewis, having its spreading brim softened by a lining of *tulle*. An amusing, original touch is accorded a strained white *organdi* by a long quill of red silk, handmade in an embroidery stitch, the edge of the brim being similarly worked round.

A supremely distinctive black *chapeau* there is entirely composed of string lace, even to the large assertive bow adorning the crown. At the same time, large hats do not usurp the whole situation here. There are many small models, notably the one illustrated, a quaint high crown affair of black pedal straw, on which two magnificent black paradise are mounted like horns in front; another of these high-crown pedal straws having its infinitesimal brim piped with old blue and a great bouquet of lovely shaded roses placed directly in centre front. Then just a final word of a novelty for wearing with tailor-mades. This originality has a soft crown of felt and double brim folded of crin, and in a delicate putty shade is as useful as it is covetable.

A Scientific Beauty Specialist

THE absurd old aphorisms that are still being bandied about, such as beauty is only skin deep and that Nature knows best, have no place in the creed propounded by that great, far-famed scientific skin specialist, Madame Helena Rubenstein, 24, Grafton Street. From the outset this talented lady set herself out to make people believe in beauty culture, as they believe in every other form of social progress.

A plain woman may have the highest ideals and best intentions, but it may, and usually does, take years ere these are valued at their true worth; whereas a pleasing face, with sparkling eyes, unblemished skin, red lips, and good teeth will draw men and women alike to her shrine as by the proverbial hair.

And that Madame Rubenstein can make plain women beautiful and lovely ones divine is a fact attested by many long years of success. Nor are the methods she uses in any way magical. Her thesis is all in favour of commonsense aided by scientific research, and she never—and, perhaps, this is most important of all—generalises. Every client is subjected to the very closest and nicest observation, and special needs treated individually.

Not a pot of cream is sold without investigation as to the quality of skin to which it is to be applied, since some skins are dry, others greasy, and yet others that are a mixture of the two, and for all and every kind there is the proper and correct emollient to be found at Grafton Street.

Summer, of course, is a particularly ticklish time, due to the over-abundance of certain acids in

TWO ATTRACTIVE HATS

The model on the left is a charming example of crinoline in a delicate wallflower nuance, swathed with a scarf of tulle, which in front carries a closely packed tapering wreath of shaded marigolds. The other hat is composed of pedal straw, on which two magnificent black paradise are mounted like horns in front

Sketched at Maison Lewis by Betty Nisbet

the blood, and comparatively recently Madame Rubenstein has produced a preparation in her "Valaze Beauty Grains" that is proving exceptionally efficacious in doing away with conditions that are more prevalent at this time of the year than any other.

Every month there is issued a small brochure, entitled *Loveliness Through the Letter Box*, from which much valuable assistance can be gleaned by those who are unable to pay a personal visit to 24, Grafton Street.

Early Victorian Dance Dresses

ALTHOUGH there has seldom, if ever, been a greater variety of graceful, elegant styles to choose from in evening toilettes, it is amazing how unfortunate are the majority in their selection. At any big ball the few really good, happily chosen gowns stand out conspicuously, the others being merely nondescript affairs lacking both distinction and character.

Especially successful, worn by the right, slim figure are long, closely swathed skirts of *marocain* or crepe de Chine, the folds drawn into long trailing draperies at one side, to which is allied a long, soft, pouching corsage without any sleeves.

A BEAUTIFUL GOWN

Lime yellow crepe de Chine fashions this quaint early Victorian corsage, to which is allied a two-tier skirt of silvered lace, mounted over yellow chiffon, a cockade rosette of old blue and silver ribbon adding the finishing touch to this chic little dance dress

Original design by Betty Nisbet

Every eye followed a graceful girl, the other evening, wearing an ivory-white *marocain*, the bodice to which was of georgette, the long side emphasised by bands of *diamanté* and silver bugled lace, a sash of the transparency mingling with the draperies of *marocain* at the left side. The wearer moved exquisitely, rather languidly and leisurely, head erect and shoulders perfectly motionless.

Other dance dresses there are equally alluring, effected with fussy tulle or lace skirts, surmounted by quite fitting little bodices of satin or silk. The latter are quite in the best early Victorian vein, as may be judged by the adjoined illustrated model. Lime yellow crepe de Chine composes this bodice and silver lace the two-tier *jupe*, which is mounted over yellow chiffon, an entrancing touch of colour relief being introduced in a cockade rosette of dull blue and silver ribbon, with long ends falling down the skirt.

A slim figure is, furthermore, fully justified by adding the graceful sleeve draperies of silvered lace to the otherwise rather unduly severe corsage. It is necessary, however, to go very carefully where these floating sleeves are concerned, with both full and draped skirts, since their tendency is to amplify both.

Comfort and Contour

THE undercurrents always running beneath the surface of dress are at all times carefully watched by designers of clothes; for these are portents of what is to come. And although at the moment the majority of the bodices are long and straight, these tend every day towards greater shapeliness, a fact that is giving dressmakers seriously to think how they are to fit these more shapely affairs on figures that are absolutely soft and formless, a result largely due to the wear of the pull-on elastic belts.

At their best the belts stretch quickly, and cease to be other than a support for stocking suspenders. Hygienically, such belts may be right, though that is questioned by many doctors, but actually they are wrong in their present form. Practically all the leading corset specialists are averse to their adoption, and the well-known firm of Warner, of America, whose knowledge and productions are famed the world over, decline to stock what they call the tube expanding belt. Nor is this from any ulterior motive, but because they know full well the certain evil results of allowing a figure to spread. The very young may not realise it, but a time is coming when they will be extraordinarily sorry for their perversity in adhering to the pull-on belt.

A PERFECT CORSET

Model N/95, in pink silk brocade, price 52/6, in sizes 22 to 32. Also a wide range of all types of Warner productions from 6/11 to 4 guineas, in white and pink brocade and coutils, may be obtained from all houses of prestige

So far as actual comfort goes and perfect ease for any form of sport, there is nothing to choose between a pull-on belt and Warner's slight, lightweight topless corset. This is built of *coutil*, and has wide insets at the sides of surgical webbing that is made of the very best rubber, guaranteed neither to stretch nor perish, while the *coutil* part is very lightly supported by the firm's rust-proof steels, which allow of the corset being washed. This model can be had either with a closed of opened back, and ranges in price from 12*s.* 11*d.* to 3 guineas. or, if preferred, a similar style can be had entirely composed of the superfine webbing, and, needless to

(*Continued on page 662*)

AERTEX CELLULAR UNDERWEAR FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN. SHIRTS, SHEETS, Etc

THE LITTLE FAIRY OF GOOD HEALTH SAYS—

Aertex lowers the heat handicap

At business or sport excessive heat is a bogey. There are days of glorious sunshine, and nice warm days—and we're glad in them. Then comes the time of clammy, pore-clogging swelterers—and we seek coolness, often the wrong way.

The fact is, coolness, like beauty, is just *skin* deep. Keep your pores *aired* and you'll keep cool—even on the hottest days.

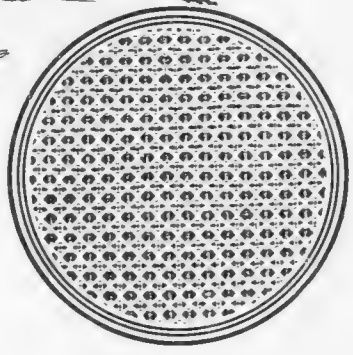
It's only natural. Nature cools the earth with breezes—*air in motion.* Let air circulate next your skin to equalise your temperature and you'll be cool and fresh and fit for the game.

To do this, wear Aertex—made from a fabric scientifically woven to permit free access of the air to your skin.

Aertex contains hundreds of tiny cells—air cushions (see the photograph) forming an efficient pore-refreshing system—ensuring for the wearer, comfort, health, coolness and—freedom from colds and chills.

Hundreds of thousands enjoyed the advantages of Aertex during last year's record summer—its value is proved.

This summer—let Aertex keep *you* cool.



The AERTEX Cellular principle of fabric construction allows for the free circulation of even-temperature air next to the skin, stimulating and refreshing the tissues with fresh supplies of health-giving oxygen, preventing chills.

AERTEX is the ideal wear for summer days. Prove its value to-day.

Look for the Aertex label on all genuine Aertex goods — refuse imitations.

Wear **AERTEX cellular**

UNDERWEAR FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN. SHIRTS, SHEETS, ETC.

Reduced Prices

Write for 1922 Catalogue, giving full range and prices of garments, etc., together with name of nearest retail depot to

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Aberystwyth—Arthur Owen, North Parade.
Aldershot—Thomas White & Co., Ltd.
Bath—E. & H. Deane, 9, Edgar Buildings.
Bexhill—Wheatley Bros., St. Leonard's Rd.
Blackpool—E. R. Green & Son, Bank Hey St.
Bournemouth—A. Barrett, Seabourne Rd., P'dn.
Bradford—Brown, Muff & Co., Market Street.
Bridlington—H. D. Green, Royal Arc.
Buxton—J. W. Potter, London House.
Cambridge—J. Taylor & Co., Sidney Street.
Coventry—Hayward & Son, Broadgate.
Croydon—Pickford & Newton, George Street.
Eastbourne—Bobby & Co., Terminus Road.
Exeter—E. Sebley, High Street.
Glasgow—Arneil & Yuill, Gordon Street.
Harrogate—Allen & Son, Prospect Crescent.
Hull—T. Gillett, King Edward Street.
Ilfracombe—Pugsley & Son, High Street.
Ilkley—Barker Brothers, Leeds Road.
Ipswich—Grimwade & Son, Cornhill.
Leamington—Francis & Sons, Bath Street.
Leeds—Hyam & Co., Briggate.
Liverpool—Wilkinson Brothers, South Road, [Waterloo.
Manchester—Craston & Son, Oldham Street.
Middlesboro'—A. W. Foster, Linthorpe Road.
Newcastle-on-Tyne—E. Robson, Grey Street.
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Sheffield—J. B. Eaton, Ltd., Angel Street.

FASHION'S FANCIES (concluded)

say, the busks are also rust-proof, small, and slight, but amply sufficing to keep the figure in below the waist. Warners actually manufacture all these steel accessories in their own factories, the steel delivered to them in bulk and subjected to a secret process to render it rust-proof.

Telling the Tailor

When you order clothes from Messrs. J. and H. Ellis, of 201, Strand, not only is Mr. Ellis himself present at the interview, but he is accompanied by the firm's chief cutter and the work-hand who actually sews your clothes together. There is thus no chance of your instructions being distorted on their way to the man who has to carry them out, and the result is a happy combination of your own individuality with the fine craftsmanship of a really conscientious tailor.

A Summer Drink

Summer lassitude and fatigue are the result of inadequate nourishment being taken. It is a very good rule to drink "Ovaltine" at breakfast and supper. This delicious beverage is concentrated nourishment, and amply supplies the food elements in which the ordinary light summer diet is deficient. Strength and vitality are easily maintained by the use of this well-known tonic food beverage and fatigue is avoided.

Two New Buildings

Messrs. Liberty and Co. are rebuilding their premises in Regent Street in the Renaissance style in accordance with the wishes of H.M. Office of Works, but in order to retain the atmosphere that their reputation has earned for them of old English charm and standing they are erecting on their own freehold land in Argyll Place, adjacent to their premises in Regent Street, a typical example of the Tudor house. This, they feel, will give them adequate scope for expressing their own ideals.

LIBERTY'S OLD ENGLISH BUILDING

This is a reproduction from a water-colour drawing exhibited in this year's Royal Academy, and gives a graphic idea of what Liberty and Co.'s new premises in Argyll Place, Oxford Street, W.1, will look like when completed

An Engagement

An engagement is announced between Dorothy M. V. Watkins, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Watkins, 367, Hagley Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham, and George H. G. Shepherd, M.A., eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Shepherd, "Glyndowr," Abingdon. Mr. Shepherd is a late scholar of Pembroke College, Oxford, and represented Oxford against Cambridge in the 100 yards race at the Inter-'Varsity Sports. During the War he served as a lieutenant in the 4th Oxford and Bucks L.I. and the Royal Flying Corps.

River Trips

The Oxford and Kingston Steamers began their daily excursions on May 15. The steamers call twice daily, both up and down stream, at all places between Oxford and Kingston, and in this most pleasant of ways visits can be made to many attractive and historic places, such as Hampton Court, Windsor, Maidenhead, Marlow, Henley, Pangbourne, Goring, Oxford, etc. Circular tickets by rail and steamer are issued at many of the important G.W.R., L. & S.W.R., G.C.R., and S.E. & C.R. stations.

An Erroneous Rumour

The manufacturers of Player's "Navy Cut" Cigarettes desire it to be known that prizes are not given by them, and that the rumour now being circulated that a pension or prize will be given for a collection of their cigarette cartons is without foundation.

Pure Undyed Camelhair

Have You tried it?

The superior Charm and Comfort of **JAEGER** Pure Undyed Camelhair Coats, Dressing-gowns, Blankets, Rugs, etc., is incontestable!

They are made from the very fine hair of the Bactrian camel, and light in weight, wear well, and always look Smart.

Jaeger Camelhair Coat

"Washington"

From **£7 - 19 - 6**

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Jaeger Coat "Washington"

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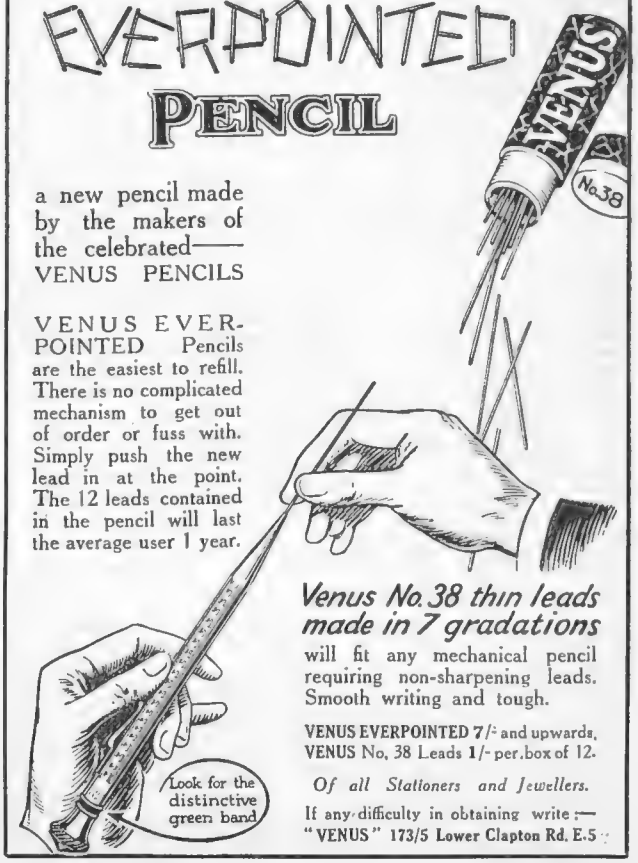
VENUS EVERPOINTED Pencils are the easiest to refill. There is no complicated mechanism to get out of order or fuss with. Simply push the new lead in at the point. The 12 leads contained in the pencil will last the average user 1 year.



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Connotes Quality

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Women's Style
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36/-

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Write to Lotus Ltd. for Booklet "The Gift of Happy Feet."

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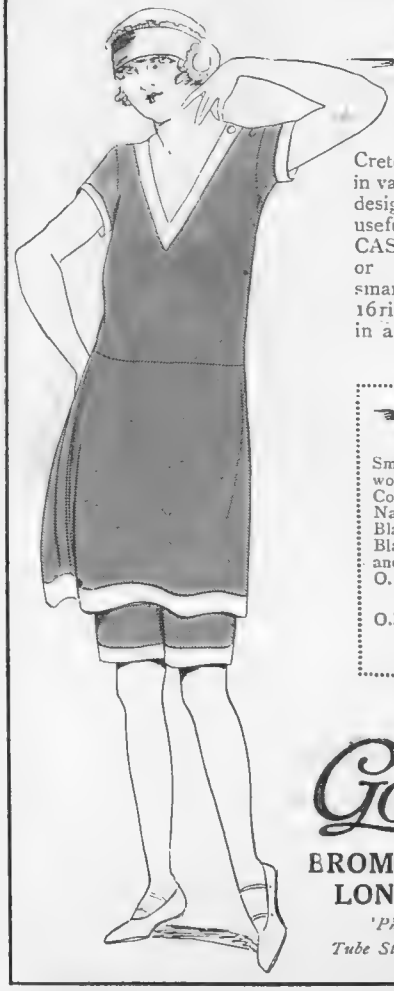
Sea — river — or country — whichever calls you, go Gooch-clad and get full enjoyment. Cool Frocks, smart Sunshades, and practical Bathing Suits, all are low-priced at Goochs.

"AMBLESIDE"

Charming River Frock of smart striped washing silk; collar and cuffs plain white silk edged with stripes. In White/Amethyst, White/Black, White/Navy, White/Brown, White/Rose, White/Saxe. Price **87/9**



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'Camille'

An Original model in fine spun Silk. In three designs of lace open work. In Saxe, Navy, Heliotrope, Sky, Gold, Fawn, Silver, Pink, Lemon, Putty, Grey, Rust, Orange, White or Black.

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Dainty Hand-Knit Artificial Silk Jumper

This smart Jumper, knit in the charming stitch indicated in the illustration, with dainty lace border, will be found most suitable for Summer wear. Stocked in shades of Black, Ivory, Parma, Light Grey, Beige, Lemon, Nattier, Cerise, Dark Grey, and Sky.

PRICE **57/6** ONLY

Sample garments will be sent for approval, post free, on receipt of a reference or deposit.

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TO-DAY there is no need for you to look old prematurely. Mothers and grandmothers are looking almost as youthful as their daughters and granddaughters with the hair-colour-restoring aid of "Inecto-Rapid."

Within 15 to 30 minutes it makes your hair look as youthfully colourful as ever it did. The effect upon your too-old-for-your-age appearance is truly wonderful. It is a transformation, indeed, and defies detection, being absolutely undistinguishable from the natural hue of the hair.

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The following of the simple "Directions" ensures absolute satisfaction with

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Readers may have "Inecto-Rapid" applied within 15 to 30 minutes by any good-class Hairdresser, or it may be self-applied in the privacy of the home.

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IF NOT POSSIBLE TO CALL AT THE SALONS
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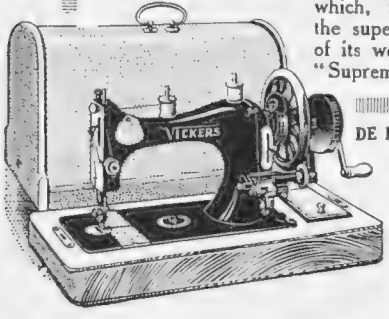

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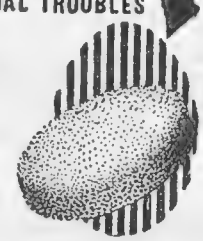

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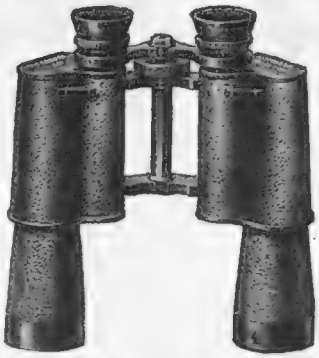

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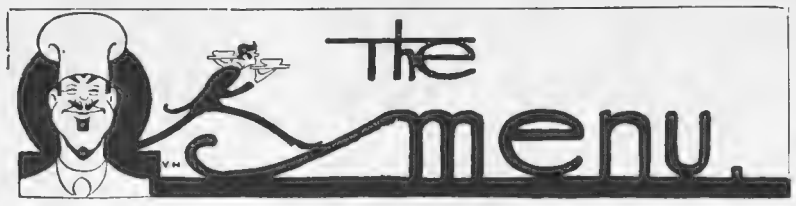

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FISH IN JELLY
AN ENTRÉE OF LOBSTER OR CRAY FISH (COLD)
LAMB CUTLETS IN ASPIC WITH PEAS
GRAPE FRUIT SALAD
STUFFED EGG SALAD

Fish in Jelly

PUT into a pint of stock ½ oz. of gelatine, one tablespoonful of tarragon vinegar and a seasoning of salt and pepper. Place over the gas, and directly the gelatine melts, whip it briskly till it boils. Simmer for half an hour, strain, and allow it almost to set. Cut up 1 lb of cooked salmon or turbot, freed from skin and bones, and slice two hard-boiled eggs, add more jelly, fish, etc., until all the ingredients are used. Scatter chopped parsley over. When quite set, turn out, and serve with salad.

An Entrée of Lobster or Cray Fish (Cold)

Line some small moulds with aspic. Put in pieces of lobster or cray-fish, cut small, then some slices of peeled tomatoes. Pound some picked shrimps with butter and enough aspic to make it set. Season well, and fill up the moulds with the mixture, the top layer being aspic. When quite set, turn out and garnish with mustard and cress, and serve with a salad.

Lamb Cutlets in Aspic with Peas or Asparagus

Braise a piece of neck of lamb with vegetables, herbs, etc., and put on one side to get cold. Then divide and trim neatly into cutlets. Have ready some aspic jelly dissolved, and add to it a teaspoonful of thick mint sauce. Dip the cutlets in this so that they are thickly masked. Leave till set, and serve on a dish with cold peas or asparagus, which have been cooked and laid on ice. Arrange high on the dish and pour over them some mayonnaise sauce.

Grape Fruit Salad

With a silver knife remove the pulp from two or three grape fruit. Place the grape fruit carefully on the leaves of a cos lettuce, and pour over it a seasoning composed of two tablespoonfuls of oil, one of vinegar, a squeeze of lemon juice, salt and pepper. Mix carefully and serve.

Stuffed Egg Salad

Boil six eggs hard, put them in cold water and shell them. Cut in halves lengthways and remove the yolks without breaking the whites. Mash the yolks to a smooth paste with two tablespoonfuls of mayonnaise; add three tablespoonfuls of potted ham or tongue, one teaspoonful of lemon-juice, quarter of a teaspoonful of made mustard and a pinch of cayenne. Refill the white, heaping them with the mixture. Arrange daintily on a bed of mustard and cress.

Aspic Jelly

Ingredients: One pint of hot water, 1 oz. of gelatine, one bay leaf, salt, pepper, and lemon juice, half a teacupful of vinegar, half an onion, the white and shell of an egg whipped and broken up. To be boiled slowly and then run through a jelly-bag.

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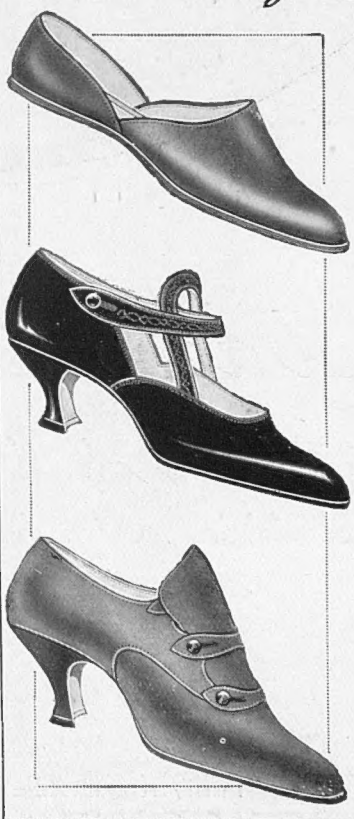

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Entered as second-class mail matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office